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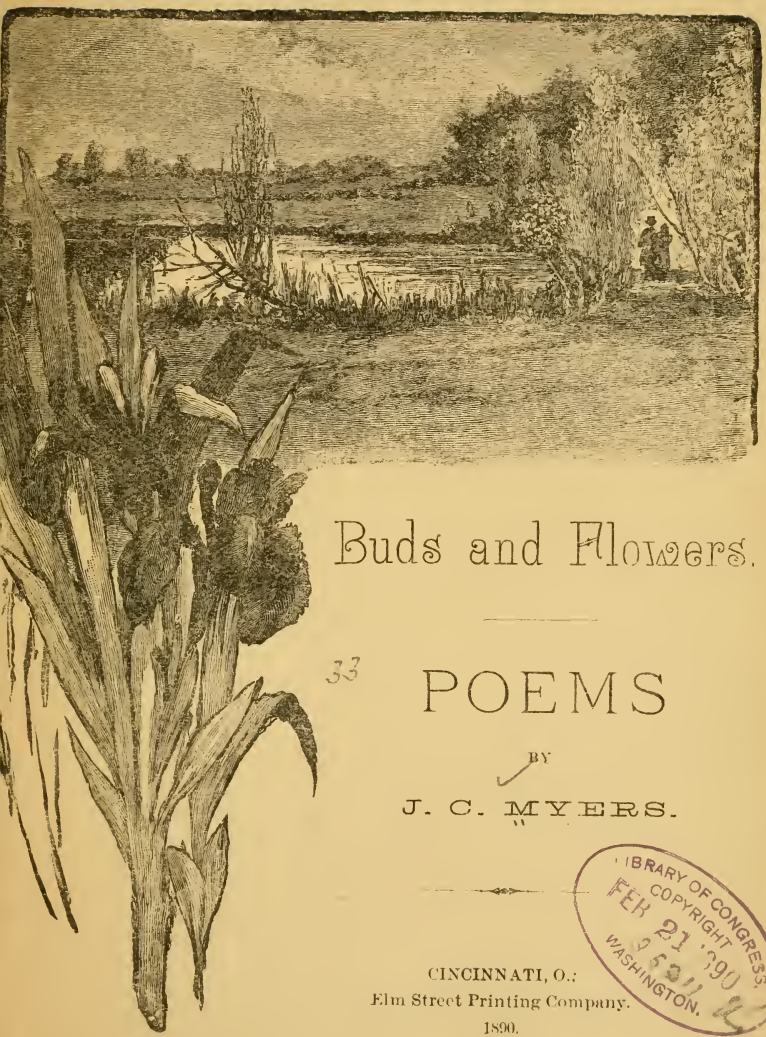

Buds and Flowers.

33

POEMS

BY

J. C. MYERS.

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BUDS AND FLOWERS.

To the wife of my youth this book is affectionately dedicated.

AUTHOR.

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BUDS AND FLOWERS.

IN studying this busy world of ours,
I find it full of buds and flowers;
Enabling me to spend my idle hours,
In collecting together my buds and flowers.
When this pleasant task I undertook,
I had little thought of publishing a book.

But, as I studied the doings of time,
Arranging them in order to make them rhyme,
Manhood springs from buds of hope
And grows to maturity like the sturdy oak.
In blooming youth we find sweet flowers,
Which beautify this world of ours.

In ripe old age these flowers decay,
As manhood slowly passes away.
The frosts of winter whiten the lock,
Preparing the possessor for the Shepherd's flock.
With palsied frame and a careworn face,
They beckon others to take their place.

Year after year the scenes will change,
Yet this world remains the same;
If one is cut down and sinks to rest,
Another springs up the world to bless.
As it is in nature, so it is in grace,
Everything seems to have its place.

Our faith is the bud, hope the flower,
That prepares us to dwell in heaven's bower;
"Budded on earth to bloom in heaven,"
To reign forever with those forgiven;
To bloom forever in his garden above,
Watered with the dews of redeeming love.

My book does not sparkle with brilliant thought;
By an uncultured mind the work was wrought;
In an humble way, and by simple speech,
I have tried the wants of the masses to reach.
I would feel myself paid a hundred-fold,
To know it would be the means of saving a soul.

SOME TIME.

SOME time at the close of a busy life,
Some time when done with sin and strife,
Some time when done with aches and pains,
If prepared we can with Jesus reign.
Some time if we're true to what he said,
We'll be glorified with our risen head;
Some time Jesus will descend again,
As a mighty conqueror his own to claim.

Some time he'll remove all our doubt,
When the final end is brought about ;
Some time all will be made plain,
Which we've labored so hard to know in vain.
Some time the mist will be cleared away,
By the glorious light of eternal day ;
Some time that which we can not see,
Will be revealed to you and me.

Some time that we now believe,
Will be made knowledge that we'll receive ;
Some time the hope we now possess,
Will be fruition, and a glorious rest ;
Some time the promises by him given,
Will be fulfilled when we reach heaven ;
Some time the sorrows which now annoy,
Will be changed to eternal joy.

Some time the head that's now bowed down,
Will wear a bright and glorious crown ;
Some time the tears that fill the eye,
By the blessed Master will be wiped dry.
Some time those who now doth mourn,
Will receive joys in the world unknown ;
Some time, though we can't tell when,
All things temporal will have an end.

Some time, oh, what a blessed hope!
We'll be by the wicked no longer provoked;
When Jesus comes from his home above,
To take his bride to that home of love;
There with him we'll forever dwell,
Amid joys which the tongue can't tell.
Some time, O wonderful thought!
Out of thee, such wonders are wrought.

THY LOVE.

I PLUCKED a rose from the garden of time,
To decorate this heart of mine;
A rose whose beauty would not fade,
Until in death's cold arms it is laid.
The rose that blooms the sweetest in time,
My precious one, is that love of thine.

Business, time, nor distant place,
Will from my heart the effect erase,
The affectionate tie of sweetest love,
As pure and holy as that from above;
The happiest days I will ever see,
Are the precious days I spend with thee.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

I LOVE to sit at the close of day,
And muse the silent hours away ;
While in mind I arise and soar away
To distant lands, where loved ones stay.

I frequently sit and think a while,
Of events that passed when a child ;
How sweet to dream of innocent joys,
And romp again as girls and boys.

Absent from the body when musing thus,
I explore the land of the good and just ;
In happiness I explore heaven's plains,
And am loth to return to the earth again.

How sweet to sit in the silent night,
With the stars for company shining bright ;
They make us think of a better world,
To see its beauty thus unfurled.

While musing thus of friends so kind,
Who in life's journey I've left behind ;
They come and sweet converse hold with me,
While I fancy their image I see.

I love to sit in the silent shade,
And muse on the changes time has made;
While zephyrs float on the cooling breeze,
Bringing sweet fragrance from flowers and trees.

EVER PRESENT.

WHAT a blessing to have a friend
Ever present his aid to lend ;
Present to assist as counsel and guide,
When by affliction we're sorely tried.

Present with words so true and kind,
To cheer and comfort the despondent mind ;
Present to still the troubled brain,
Present to soothe the torturing pain.

Present, so lovely, true and kind,
Such a one I have in mind ;
Who is my help by day and night,
Whose lovely image is always in sight;

My shield by day, my comfort by night,
Who is always helping to guide me right ;
Whose strong support I lean on each day,
Which helps so much in every way.

THE POWER OF INFLUENCE.

IN the beginning of creation,
When man was designed,
The power of influence
Was in the divine mind.
Man was not placed here
To live for himself;
He was designed by his
Influence others to bless.

The blood of his brother
Will be required of him,
If he allows him
Uncautioned to die in his sin.
"He that gathereth not with me,
Scattereth abroad,"
Is the language that comes
From the adorable Lord.

For if we live, we
Live for one another,
And are even prohibited
From judging a brother.
We're commanded to put
No stumbling-block in the way,
To cause a brother offense,
Or lead him astray.

The mother's influence,
Both early and late,
If properly considered,
Will save from mistake.
The father's influence,
For good or bad,
Has sealed the destiny
Of many a lad.

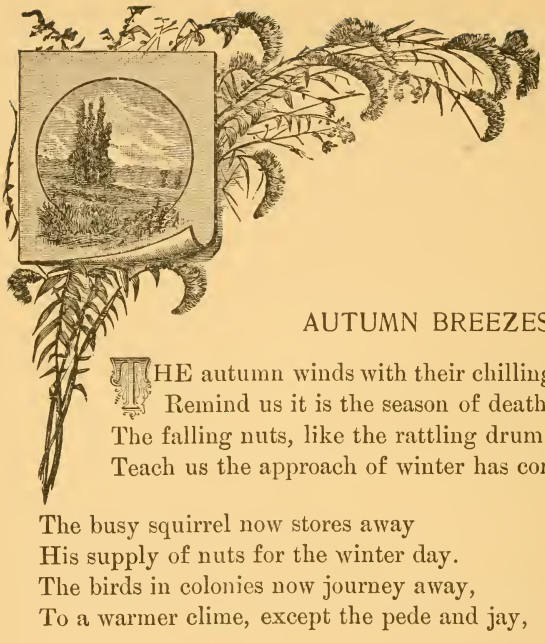
Mothers, your influence
Over those you love best,
Will still tell for good
When you are at rest.
Fathers, your influence
Over your sons,
Will live and speak
When your trials are done.

The noble wife's influence
Over poor, fallen man,
Is telling for good
All over the land.
The husband's influence
Over the obedient wife,
Is that which so sweetly
Perfects wedded life.

The sister's influence
Over her brother,
When properly used
Will benefit each other.
While the friendly influence
Of friend upon friend,
Which is so much needed,
Our mistakes to amend.

Exert what influence
You have, my friend,
In helping others
Their faults to amend.
As you have freely received,
So, too, freely give.
Exert your influence
In helping others to live.

We know not the
Influence of any one,
Until their trials
Of life are done.
Then should it be great,
Or it might be small,
There's no one that lives
That has no influence at all.



AUTUMN BREEZES.

THE autumn winds with their chilling breath,
Remind us it is the season of death.
The falling nuts, like the rattling drum,
Teach us the approach of winter has come.

The busy squirrel now stores away
His supply of nuts for the winter day.
The birds in colonies now journey away,
To a warmer clime, except the pede and jay,

Who become our pets when the winter comes,
And thank us kindly for the wasted crumbs.
The absence of flowers stills the hum of the bee,
While the beautiful songsters no longer we see.

The cold, bleak winds as they come from the west,
Cover the earth with the carpet of death.
The ground no longer is covered with green,
Beautiful flowers no longer are seen.

The beautiful forest now turns red,
Presenting the sad lesson that her foliage is dead.
The autumn will come to both you and I,
The time in our history that we must die.

UNCERTAINTY.

AMID hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Which follow each other like sunshine and rain,
That fill us with smiles and bring bitter tears;
Because of uncertainty which fills us with fears.

Amid smiles and tears, the song and the dirge,
Like the waves of the sea they continually surge.
There is nothing that's sure, there is nothing safe;
All here is uncertainty, with no abiding place.

Friends are uncertain, their trust they will break;
Man is uncertain, he our confidence will shake.
All here is uncertain, but temporarily given;
There is but one thing sure, and that is heaven.

DEATH OF JOHNNIE.

I LINGER fondly on that solemn place,
And hold my dear boy in my embrace,
As I so many times had done,
When to my happy home I had come.

I miss him now, the vacant chair—
His merry voice I do not hear;
His many charms I can't forget;
In memory he lives with me yet.

His winning ways, so meek and mild,
Made him to all a model child.
He was in our prayers and in our songs,
Alas! we did not keep him long.

'Twas on a beautiful September day,
That little Johnnie was taken away.
The sorrow of our hearts tongue can not tell,
When they lifted him lifeless from the well.

Low lies to-day thy curly head,
With no companions but the dead.
Mother's eye can not watch thee to-night,
The lonely grave has hid thee from sight.

Sisters have grown to women now,
Who have not forgotten that awful hour,
When they were "seized with a death-like spell,"
When their only brother fell in the well.

While we mourn, thou art at rest,
God took thee home when he thought it best;
Depriving us of our own dear child,
That heaven might enjoy your precious smiles.

Then sweetly rest; we will not mourn,
Nor regret the day when thou wast born;
But calmly wait till some sweet morn,
On the wings of His love to thee we'll be borne.

LOST.

HOW troubled and perplexed you say,
When you are lost and can't find the way;
How it annoys and bothers the mind,
When that you want you can not find.

There's some that's lost by night and day,
From God their souls are hid away;
Lost to all that's good, grand and great:
Oh, what a fearful, wretched state!

LONELINESS.

HOW lonely it is to be away
From those you love all the day;
The hours they pass so slowly by,
Full of anxious thoughts and heaving sighs.
The nights they drag slowly by,
Without sleep or rest to the wishful eye.

We are frequently placed in a lonely state,
In which we feel like we had no mate;
Restless then and lonely are we,
When precious ones we can not see.
They may be well and full of glee,
But absent, they're no company for me.

We sometimes are called to distant lands,
Where we're soon surrounded by loving friends,
Who kindly administer to all of our needs;
On this the lonely heart will never feed,
But continually pines, like the captive dove,
To be returned to those it loves.

We often wonder with an aching heart,
Lamenting the cause for dear friends to part;
With hope and courage we the future explore,
Hoping it has something better in store—
A place where we can sweetly rest,
With those we love most and best.

While I'm away the dear ones are at home ;
They may be lonely, for they are alone.
With tired eyes like the setting sun,
They lonely watch for father's return.
Lonely they pass the long hours away,
Wondering the cause of father's delay.

Oh, I wonder if the time will ever come,
When loneliness on earth is done ;
Or will it be on the eternal shore,
Where we shall dwell forevermore.
No more away from loved ones to roam,
No more in loneliness to travel alone.

THE SYMPATHIZING TEAR.

WE mingle our hopes and our fears,
Through long and wearisome years,
And help each other our trials to bear,
By the aid of the sympathizing tear.

In the home of the sick and the dying,
When the wail of the loved ones we hear,
How it relieves the hearts of the sad ones,
To mingle the sympathizing tear.

The dear friends of age and youth,
By a tie that's near and dear,
Are constantly for each other's sake,
Shedding the sympathizing tear.

'Tis a consolation amid the trials of life,
When burdened with trouble and care,
To have those dear ones near at hand,
To mingle the sympathizing tear.

While wandering sad and lonely,
Absent from loved ones so near,
It helps us to know there is flowing
For us their sympathy and tears.

This world is an ocean of sorrow,
Its wailing we continually hear;
In its tide we are kept from sinking,
By the aid of the sympathizing tear.

TOO LATE.

TOO late frequently occurs in time,
Which should be used to school the mind;
But when corrected, the time redeemed,
The lesson's entirely ignored it seems.

An hour lost by being too late,
May not be noticed to affect our fate;
That hour never will return to you,
And some time you may it rue.

Too late the virgins were at the door,
To reach the Savior gone before.
What would you do at heaven's gate,
To hear pronounced, "Too late, too late!"

OUR BEAUTIFUL DEAD.

WE said, "She is dead," and wiped the tear;
No longer her musical voice we hear;
We folded her hands across her breast,
Prepared for her long and peaceful rest;
We were filled with grief and despair,
As we lovingly stood and looked at her.

Our aching hearts would heave a sigh,
As we looked at her lips and close-shut eye;
The thin white hands now helpless lay,
Resting from the toils of life's weary day.
Our beautiful dead sweetly rests from strife,
From sickness, sorrow and the pains of life.

She, who had never grumbled or shrunk from duty,
Now lay the picture of innocent beauty;
Her beautiful lips, always wearing a smile,
As sweet and sinless as an innocent child;
While in death's cold embrace she sweetly lay,
Her lips wore a smile on her funeral day.

The depth of our sorrow tongue can not tell,
At the loss of one we loved so well;
And while she lies in a breathless sleep,
Her sacred memory we will always keep.
Her little ones—too young to know—
Will learn their losses as older they grow.

Dear one, we would not your slumber break,
If we had it in our power the dead to awake;
While your life was full of things that bless,
We would not disturb thy peaceful rest.
We'll bear our grief with an aching heart,
Knowing you possess the better part.

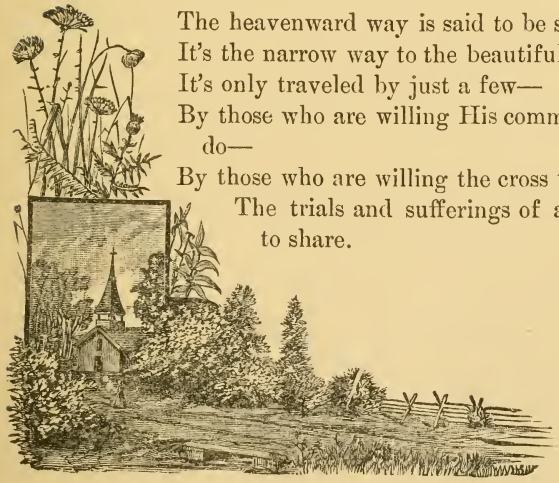
As we lovingly kiss the marble brow,
And meekly submit and to Providence bow,
On the wings of hope we can soar away,
Where the spirit lives through endless day;
As we lean on the arms of undying love,
And await the summons from above.

She has gone from suffering her reward to reap,
No cause o'er a misspent past to weep;
No troubles to share, no cares to keep,
But to sweetly rest in a peaceful sleep.
As a sweet babe sinks to a peaceful rest,
She fell asleep on her Master's breast.

TWO WAYS.

THERE is a way that leads to eternal day,
We call it the heavenward way;
Its course is straight, its scenery fine,
Its travelers are pure in word and mind.
These now can journey this heavenward way,
If they will with their Leader stay.

There is a way that seemeth right to man,
It does not lead to the heavenly land;
Its scenery may be attractive to the sight,
But it finally ends in eternal night.
It has a guide who was the cause of death,
Who has for his followers no eternal rest.



The heavenward way is said to be straight,
It's the narrow way to the beautiful gate;
It's only traveled by just a few—
By those who are willing His commands to do—
By those who are willing the cross to bear,
The trials and sufferings of a Savior to share.

The heavenward way is a way of peace,
In it all the discords of life must cease;
In it the wicked of earth can't stay,
For they are led by their leader another way.
In it the treasures of life are found,
Along it true joy and happiness abound.

This heavenward way was prepared for man
Of every tribe, in every land;
But yet there are many who seem so blind,
This heavenward way they will not find;
But journey along amid darkness and gloom,
Until they finally land in eternal doom.

This heavenward way is said to be plain,
And easy to find if we'd take the pains;
The other road is said to be wide,
You can easy find it by floating with the tide;
One ends in day, the other in night;
One ends in death, the other in life.

Then choose in life the heavenward way,
And from its course in the future don't stray;
Ever continue by the Savior's side,
Don't turn aside to float with the tide;
Then, when you reach the end of the way,
In the Savior's presence you can forever stay.

THE HELPING HAND.

THERE is opportunity presented
All over our blessed land,
In which the occasion is afforded
To lend a helping hand.

There are many who are destitute,
And all day idle stand ;
All they need is some one
With a helping hand.

If you find any in sorrow,
Or trouble they can not stand,
You can be their friend indeed,
By lending the helping hand.

If you meet a sufferer—
A stranger in a strange land,
You can play the Good Samaritan,
By using the helping hand.

Should you see a David,
In danger where he stands,
Won't you be a Jonathan,
And lend the helping hand ?

THE ERRING ONE.

DEAL gently with the erring one,
You know not how they toil
Amid evil and temptation's hours,
That they might escape the fall.
You can not tell how earnestly
They labored, nor how well,
Until the hour of temptation came,
And then through weakness fell.

Think gently of the erring one,
I fear you might forget,
That while in sin he may have fell,
He remains thy brother yet.
Heir of a natural inheritance,
Which may be soiled by sin,
By dealing gently with the erring one,
You may thy brother win.

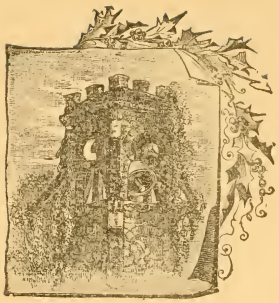
Speak gently of the erring one,
Remembering what you have done ;
He may be following your steps in time,
In a different class of crime.
You may not know the weary lot,
When sin has got control ;
The desolate, weary path they tread,
Who wander from the fold.

Speak gently to the erring one,
You know not what a word can do ;
They may have trials and temptations,
That are no troubles or trials to you.
Remember you have often sinned,
And come short of the glory of God ;
With all your waywardness he has borne,
And withheld the chastening rod.

BE PATIENT.

BE patient and meek
With the erring child ;
Don't rule it by threats,
But win it with smiles.

Be patient with those
Who are full of years,
You know not their
Troubles, trials and cares.



WHAT I LIVE FOR.

I LIVE not only for myself,
I labor that I might others bless;
I work a work that ends not with time,
But to reach a higher and holier clime;
I strive my Master's favor to win,
That I in the future might live with him.

I live for my friends who are so dear,
Who assist me in life with counsel and cheer;
Who are ever ready their aid to give:
With such and for such I delight to live.
I rejoice when I their approval obtain,
To know that I have not lived in vain.

I live for the afflicted and the oppressed,
Those whom misfortune has filled with distress;
To lighten their burdens and ease their minds,
Is the important object of this life of mine.
I am willing to labor night and day,
To relieve their sufferings while here I stay.

I live for those of a heavy heart,
Who from dear friends have had to part;
Those who are bowed down in sorrow and tears,

At the loss of dear friends of former years ;
They are the ones I love to console
With the oil of gladness—the balm of the soul.

I live for one of the most precious in time,
One who has filled with joy this life of mine ;
Whose life is made up of kind, noble deeds,
A kind, faithful helper in times of need ;
To live and to do for such a dear friend,
Shall be my object in life till it end.

I live for a Savior who died for me,
Whose glorified presence I hope to see;
By living for him through life's weary day,
In his peaceful presence I can forever stay ;
To that dear friend I'll devote my time,
And all the energy of body and mind.

CHRISTIAN GRACES.

TO those who have obtained like precious faith with us,
The Apostle commands to add courage you must,
In order to conquer and win in the strife.
Courage will help you to do what is right ;
As soldiers for Jesus enlisted for life ;
With courage to follow as he leads in the fight.

To courage add knowledge, so essential you know,
To teach us and guide us in the way we should go ;
As knowledge is power, an adage most true,
We need it to help in all we may do.
As we battle with ignorance, superstition and sin,
Knowledge will help us each victory to win.

To knowledge add temperance, an item most true,
An element without which no good we could do ;
To live soberly and righteously is a command from on high,
And those who are intemperate, the soul it shall die ;
And thus we need temperance to help in the cause,
For it's found in the gospel, one of heaven's best laws.

To temperance add patience, as essential as all,
To help us endure, and to save from the fall.
Patience worketh experience, and experience hope,
And gives us a temper the world can't provoke.
With patience we endure all the trials by the way,
And patiently wait for the glorified day.

To patience add godliness, a profitable theme,
Having the promise of the life that is, and that which is to come.
Those that will live godlike, in this present evil world,
Have the promise of such blessings as the tongue has never told ;
And then, again, to be godlike in word, in deed, in thought,
Makes us living epistles in everything that's taught.

To godliness add kindness of a brotherly degree ;
In our Master's dealings with us, this command we often see;
Besides, with brotherly kindness we fill the law's demand,
And make in every nation one loving brotherly band ;
And this universal brotherhood comes from every land,
And assembled in his presence, receives blessings from his hand.

To brotherly kindness add charity, the greatest of them all,
Because with it we need not fear that we ever shall fall.
The one that's greater than tongues of men, and angels too besides,
Without which no one will be blest as our Savior guides ;
Without which we will not be saved, no matter what we do ;
But with it we need never fail—our Savior's word is true.

These given graces with my faith, most precious too beside,
I am prepared in all his ways, the floods of time to tide.
They make me neither barren nor unfruitful ;
But give assurance of an abundant entrance through.
But without them I'm wretched, and I can not see,
And have forgotten that from sin he hath set me free.

THE BITTER TEAR.

WE shed the bitter tear
For friends that are dead;
We shed the bitter tear
For hopes that have fled;
We shed the bitter tear
For joys that are past—
Joys that were too
Pleasant to last.

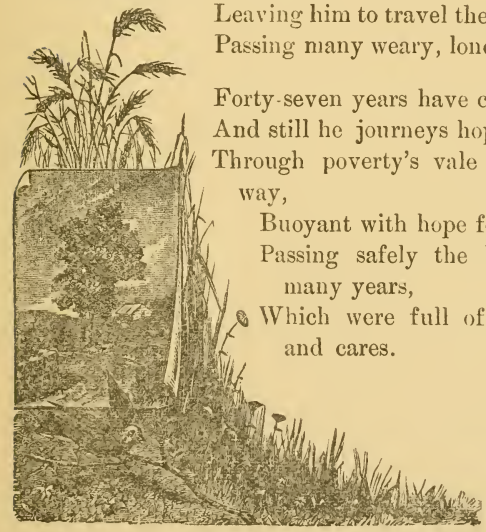
It takes the bitter tear
To wash out life's mistakes,
And redeem pledges
Which penitence makes;
How they flow like
Rain-drops from the soul;
How they flow from hearts
Too full to control

Bitter tears for love
That has been denied;
Bitter tears o'er the error
And folly of pride;
Bitter tears for the harsh
Words that have been spoken;
Bitter tears that the heart
Sends forth when nearly broken.

MY BIRTHDAY—SEPTEMBER 4, 1889.

IT was just forty-seven years ago
This incident happened, I'd have you know;
Another inhabitant appeared on earth—
A little boy—of very humble birth,
Without wealth to spread his fame;
All he got was a disciple's name.

With a pious mother as a guide,
He began the waves of life to ride;
At the tender age of fourteen years,
Mother died, leaving him in tears.
Leaving him to travel the journey alone,
Passing many weary, lonely mile-stones.



Forty-seven years have come and gone,
And still he journeys hopefully on;
Through poverty's vale he fought his way,
Buoyant with hope for a better day,
Passing safely the breakers of so many years,
Which were full of labor, sorrow and cares.

How many more mile-posts on the way,
There's none but the Infinite One can say ;
Whatever the number placed on my tomb,
There's one thing certain, my sun is past noon ;
When it will set, no one can tell ;
If I'm only prepared, all will be well.

Forty-seven years a tenant of earth,
Brings me back to the date of my birth.
The Master says three-score and ten
Is the number when man's pilgrimage ends.
It matters not when I leave this earth,
Time can not change the date of my birth.

FANCIES.

A LOVING companion in the journey of life,
To stand by my side as a loving wife ;
Who would cheer and console by night and day,
Driving the loneliness of life away.

A beautiful cot in some lovely dell,
In which we would so sweetly dwell ;
Furnished complete above and below,
Till it would dazzle the eye wherever you'd go.

The most beautiful lawn ever seen,
Full of flowers and trees ever green ;
Beautiful ways in which to drive,
Amid such scenes we would spend our lives.

With a gentle span of beautiful bays,
That we'd hitch up and drive away,
O'er hills and dales far away,
To cooling shades to spend the day.

When on the lightning train I'd ride,
With a dear companion by my side,
Two loving hearts would beat as one,
When the end of a busy day had come.

When sorrows o'er me like the ocean did ride,
Her soothing words would quell the tide;
In seasons of joy or hours of pain,
Our care for each other would be the same.

When I'd go out the gospel to preach,
I would have my lovely companion in reach,
To help me to warn sinners from danger to fly,
And escape detection by the all-seeing Eye.

Far distant lands together we'd explore,
Telling the old story o'er and o'er;
Spreading the glad tidings from shore to shore,
Till we were called home to preach no more.

No more the drudgery of life to endure,
No more sad heart-burnings to cure;
In one unending peace to dwell,
With nothing but lessons of love to tell.

THE STAR OF HOPE.

THE world seems cold, dreary and dull,
I long for something my fears to lull;
My sky is clouded; the way is not clear;
With no one present with words of cheer;
Yet I get sweet solace in the words he spoke:
"The Lord is my shepherd, my star of hope."

In life's weary journey as I travel along,
To drive away sorrow I'll cheer it with song;
I'll toil on in patience, fearing no harm;
With Jesus my Savior, I'll lean on his arm.
He gives me a spirit the world can't provoke,
And thus he becomes the bright star of hope.

Sin and temptation may my spirit annoy;
Jesus has power to turn sorrow to joy.
I'm conscious that I some time must die,
But there is a mansion for me in the sky;
Although I view it with faith's telescope,
It serves its purpose as a star of hope.

In the cold, cheerless world I'm often alone,
I have one precious friend as ever was known;
Who is ever ready with sweet words of cheer,
Which fall like music on the troubled ear.
In life's saddest hours her kind words are spoke,
Driving night from my life—my bright star of hope.

Friends may desert me, the world seem unkind ;
The trials of the journey I'll try and not mind.
My eyes on the future will drive sorrow away,
Until night is destroyed by the beautiful day.
While the ties that bind me like the strong rope,
Are the cords of attachment to my star of hope.

When life is ended, its long journey run,
The last battle fought, the final victory won,
My history written that others may see,
The deeds recorded are not all due me ;
My life would not covered so large a scope,
Had I not been assisted by my true star of hope.

MEMORIES OF THE PAST.

"FULL often do my thoughts return,
On wings of love, to by-gone days,
And memory round me weaves a web,
As soft as autumn's mellow haze.

"Perchance amid your busy life,
Almost forgotten I may be ;
But oh, how closely woven is
The tie that binds my heart to thee.

"Still treasured in my heart remain
Sweet memories, my friend, of you ;
And life is all the sweeter, since
I know that heart I trust is true."

ALONE.

ALONE in the wilderness
The forerunner did dwell;
Until he appeared to Israel
With glad tidings to tell.

Alone in the wilderness,
The blessed Master did stay ;
Hungering and thirsting,
For forty long days.

Alone in the garden
The Redeemer is found,
Pleading and praying
Prostrate on the ground.

Alone on the cross
He battled with death,
Suffering and thirsting,
That we might find rest.

Then why should I
Murmur if lonely I be,
When all these examples
By faith I can see.

Alone by myself
I would often stray ;
To my Heavenly Father
I would often pray.

Lonely and sadly
I pass many days,
In reviewing self
And mending my ways.

I am lonely by day,
I am lonely by night,
When no one to comfort
Is near me in sight.

ENVY NOT.

ENVY not any of your surroundings, in time ;
To you they may not seem friendly inclined ;
Envy not your neighbor in station or birth,
Neither in getting the possessions of earth.

Envy not any for knowledge or skill,
But labor the harder your station to fill ;
Envy not your friend for his name,
Remember the same honor is yours to obtain.

Envy not those who try to be good,
You would be like them if you do as you should.
Envy not those whom others may praise ;
The same honor is yours by adopting their ways.

Envy not those who excel you in power ;
Be assured their greatness is but for an hour.
Our lives should be void of envy and malice ;
And of each other we should never be jealous.

LONGINGS.

LONELY and sad I am dreaming,
Sighing o'er bliss that has flown;
Longing for a heartfelt devotion,
Weeping for a loved one at home.
Many friends are tender and holy;
Sweet music's pervading the air;
One is the theme of my ballad,
Lone is the light of my prayer.

The joy of the circle they call me,
Like true hearts pleading to woo;
Then comes the choice of an idol,
One that I'm sure will be true.
Old as the earth is my story,
Bringing a halo of light;
How I suffer alone in her absence,
Feeling my life is a blight.

Why all my trials and sadness?
I wonder how long it will last;
When sorrow will be turned into gladness,
I'll no longer dream of the past;
When my heart will not ache for a loved one,
But hope in fruition be full;
My nights no longer be spent in dreamland,
But my cup of happiness full.

MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.

HOW sweet to go back to the memories of childhood,
To dwell amid scenes of those innocent days,
To roam o'er meadows, and romp in the wildwood,
And hear sweet voices in their innocent play.
While we roam o'er fields and gather bright flowers,
Or sit by the side of the rippling brook,
Where in childhood we spent many happy hours,
In the best of all sports, fishing with hook.

We sit by the side of the old family hearth,
Where once assembled dear ones of former days,
Bringing up in memory the happiest scenes of earth,
Where we gathered our toys in childhood plays.
As mother would sit in the corner so mild,
And father would come when the day was done;
From the toils of the day they could rest awhile,
Watching their children in frolic and fun.

When off to the school in childhood glee,
Where we laid the foundation for a place in time,
We would meet dear teacher as merry as we,
Who primed and budded our infant minds.
Then down the hill on a sled we'd ride,
The ground all covered with ice and snow;
With rosy-cheeked sister by our side,
Like a meteor down to the bottom we'd go.

As we'd roam o'er the wood in the fall of the year,
Amid bright autumn leaves as they fell from the tree,
And gather ripe nuts winter's hours to cheer,
Listening to sweet songsters warbling in the breeze;
Or gather sweet fruit from the orchard near by,
With brothers, sisters, and little friends dear;
With barefooted children with bright beaming eyes,
Who joined in the sport our young hearts to cheer.

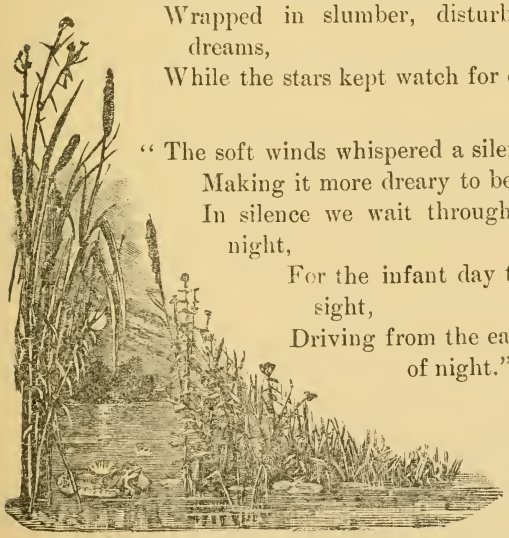
The old mansion's still standing with all of its ties;
The barn and the orchard time has destroyed,
While many of my playmates now live in the skies;
They have gone to their Maker to reap their reward,
While I am left to travel almost alone;
Most sacred in memory they live with me yet,
As I reflect on the days of my childhood hours,
And associate again with those household pets.

The sweet memory of childhood, so free from all cares;
As we reflect on those days of innocent joys,
They cheer us and encourage us in declining years,
As we live over those days when little girls and boys.
We can drink from the fountain of eternal truth,
When done with the toils and trials by the way;
That heaven is inhabited by such innocent youth,
Throughout all eternity we can with them stay.

VIGIL OF THE NIGHT.

"THE tongue of the vigil clock struck one,
In a deep and hallowed tone;
The shrouded moon looked out upon
A cold dark region, more cheerless and drear,
By the lurid light that shone.

"The heavy drapery of the lonely night
Hung like a shroud over all in sight;
Hushed in silence, everything seemed
Wrapped in slumber, disturbed but by dreams,
While the stars kept watch for day.



"The soft winds whispered a silent moan,
Making it more dreary to be alone;
In silence we wait through the lonely night,
For the infant day to appear in sight,
Driving from the earth the pall of night."

AIM.

SAY, what is your aim in life?
It matters not whether husband or wife;
It matters not which, for both are the same;
Therefore be united in one single aim.

Aim high; set the mark in the sky;
Your success depends on aiming high.
Your life may be short, your deeds small;
Then it's better to aim high than not at all.

Are you a young man hunting for gain?
Then it depends altogether on how you aim.
The way may be rough, crooked and dark;
By taking aim high you'll hit the mark.

Are you a young lady seeking for fame?
Your success depends on just how you aim.
Let this motto guide you in all of your claim:
They who succeed must watch how they aim.

Are you a professor seeking to please,
To get a fine place and take your ease,
That place I fear you'll never obtain,
Because you missed it in taking your aim.

Have you started to heaven in Jesus name?
Is that your purpose, is that your aim?
Remember that mansion prepared in the skies,
Should be our object in life and aim when we die.

A life without aim is a thing very tame:
Hardly worth while to give it a name.
It drags through life as slow as a snail,
And everything it undertakes is sure to fail.

Then start in life with a true aim,
If you labor for riches, honor or fame;
To your honor be true, this motto in sight:
"Whatever's worth doing, is worth doing right."

BE YE ALSO READY.

JESUS has said to you, watch and pray,
For ye know not the hour, neither the day;
His coming is like a thief in the night,
When all is safety, peaceful and quiet.
Are you ready then for that awful day
In which all things temporal must pass away?
Are you ready then for the summons on high?
Whether ready or not, you have to die.

Are you ready to appear before the throne,
And be judged for all the deeds you've done?
How will it be in the judgment-day?
Will you be accepted or turned away?
How will it be when the books are opened,
To find each command which you have broken?
Are you ready to hear in that fearful day,
"Depart, ye cursed, go thy way"?

Are you ready then to leave dear friends?
For all things here must have an end;
Are you ready to-day to hear Jesus say,
"From your state of probation I call you away"?
Do you stop to think you're on the brink
Of that turbulent gulf from which all must drink,
When we bid farewell to all the earth,
And cross this gulf as you know we must.

Are you ready to embark on that stream so dark,
Without compass, or chart, or a guide to your bark?
Remember the boat may be now at the shore;
On one of her trips she will carry you o'er.
Oh, then, a pilot you had better secure,
Who knows the way, to make things sure!
A guardian angel to you will be given,
To pilot you through from earth to heaven.

Be ready to live, be ready to die,
Be ready for the summons on high;
Be ready to suffer, be ready to reign,
Be ready, for Jesus is coming again.
Be ready to enter the joys above,
Be ready to enjoy the Father's love;
Be ready when time with you is no more,
Be ready to follow Jesus, who has gone before.

DEPARTED.

TO MY DAUGHTER MARY.

GONE, so blithe and gay ;
Gone from her home to stay ;
Bidding us good-by so sweet,
Hastening other kind friends to meet.

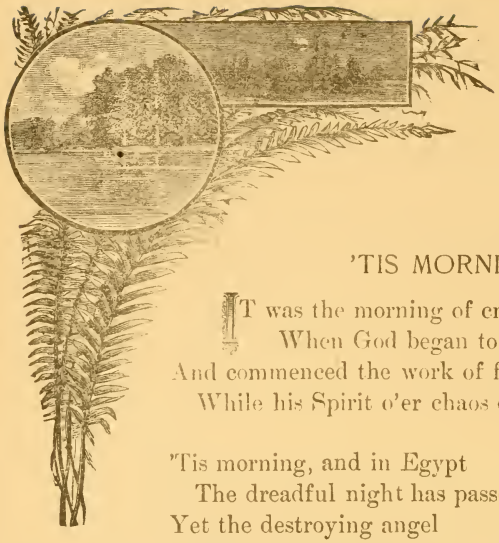
Gone toward the golden west,
Gone to him whom she loved best ;
Gone when the council meets,
Gone when the family we greet.

We miss those pearly hands so white,
We miss those beaming eyes so bright,
We miss that musical voice so sweet,
We miss her when the rest we meet.

We often sit amid despair,
While gazing at her vacant chair ;
We often sit in silent gloom,
While gazing fondly round the room.

My heart is sad, I shed many tears
As silence whispers, "She's not here."
Not here—not here—no, she's gone,
While I am left to mourn alone.

Gone toward the golden west,
Gone because she thought it best ;
Gone to try the realities of life,
Gone to fill the position of wife.



'TIS MORNING.

IT was the morning of creation,
When God began to speak;
And commenced the work of formation,
While his Spirit o'er chaos did sweep.

'Tis morning, and in Egypt
The dreadful night has passed;
Yet the destroying angel
Has completed his work at last.

That morning did bring sadness
Which all the land did fill;
From the haughty monarch on the throne,
To the peasant behind the mill.

That morning taught Pharaoh
That God meant what he said.
Wherever an Egyptian dwelt,
The oldest child was dead.

'Tis morning, and the women
Have hurried to the tomb ;
Filled with fear and wonder,
Yet bringing their sweet perfume.

'Tis morning, and the disciples
Are running at full speed,
To see if the report the women brought,
Could be true indeed.

'Tis morning on the seashore,
The disciples have toiled all night ;
Their hearts are glad ; they doubt no more
When Jesus appears in sight.

'Tis morning again on Pentecost,
The day having fully come ;
The disciples are filled with hope and trust,
Awaiting the promised guest.

'Tis the morning of the eternal day,
God's purpose has been fulfilled ;
Jesus comes with blessings for those
Who obey the Master's will.

'Tis morning, the dead are raised,
The living saints are changed ;
And Jesus comes to take them,
And with them ever reign.

THE THREE GRACES.

THERE are three flowers in my fruit-garden growing ;
They sprang up as beautiful as if of divine sowing ;
The history of them I want you to know,
Because they are so pretty, as white as the snow.

The first one appeared as if from the dead,
As it peeped through the ground, showing its head.
I'll never forget the time nor the place,
That surrounded this flower ; we call it Faith.

Then close by its side, as if it was its bride,
Sprang up another, the family pride.
How they grow so beautiful, you know ;
They're very useful wherever you go.

This second flower, so beautiful you see,
Takes its place in the center of the three ;
While they no envy nor malice provoke ;
When we name this flower we call it Hope.

The third and last, greatest of the three,
Of all the flowers I'm showing to thee ;
Though leaning on Hope as if taking a rest,
Without it the blessing we never could possess.

In beauty and graces as mild as the dove ;
It resembles its author, and should be called Love.
To find one like it would be a rarity,
So in English we call it Charity.

The greatest of them all! you ask why?
Because it's a flower that will never change or die.
Neither will it change to some other name;
Through time and eternity it's always the same.

While faith will change and knowledge become,
Charity's the same as when it begun.
Hope will change to fruition you know;
Charity's the same wherever you go.

Faith's telescope brings the future near;
Hope is an anchor—no breakers we fear.
Charity binds with its beautiful chain,
To future possessions in a Savior's name.

These three graces from heaven were sent;
When in our possession they make us content;
As they sweetly grow in the garden of time,
Spreading their beauty o'er all mankind.

With faith, hope, and charity, for you and me,
The Savior has promised that we shall be free.
An abundant entrance into that home above,
Is our joy, by and through a Father's love.

We have no fears when to his presence we go,
As long as these flowers in our garden grow;
Because with them, the victory we'll win,
For charity covers a multitude of sin.

AS WE SOW, WE SHALL REAP.

TIME is a field in which we sow
The seeds, from which our fruitage grows.
Some are sowing the seeds of sin ;
They shall reap of the whirlwind.
Others are sowing the seeds of death ;
In doing that, they think it best ;
While others apparently no vigil keep,
Forgetting that as we sow we reap.

Sometimes we sow in sorrow and grief ;
With the promise, in gladness we shall reap ;
Sometimes we sow with a heavy heart ;
But hope in the future for the better part.
Sometimes we sow with an aching head,
Hoping some fruit to reap when dead ;
While we the faithful vigil keep,
Knowing that as we sow we shall reap.

Some are sowing the seeds of flowers,
Which beautify this world of ours ;
While others are sowing the seeds of pain,
Which causes tears to flow like rain.
Then examine well the seeds you sow,
Remember it will surely grow.
At the time of the harvest, awake or asleep,
As we have sown, so we shall reap.

Remember, in life is the time to sow
The seeds that through eternity grow,
Producing a beautiful crop of deeds;
Then what will it be, wheat or weeds?
Remember, the seeds we sow to-day,
Others will reap when we're away.
Then, that we may not wake to weep,
Let us sow as we would like to reap.

Then let us not sow with a sparing hand,
While preparing souls for the better land.
Let us scatter seeds of kindness as we go,
That they sweet flowers may in future grow.
Let us do all we do with a willing mind,
And in all of our deeds have a germ that's kind;
And every day faithful watch keep,
Resting assured as we sow we shall reap.

When at harvest—the end of the world,
The angels will come with banners unfurled,
To gather as grain into garners above,
Those who can dwell in his infinite love;
Who have sown to spirit, while in time,
That they might reap in that land sublime.
Oh, let us remember this adage to keep,
That as we sow, we're sure to reap.

MARRIAGE.

ARRIAGE is a sacred, solemn pledge,
Because it's the union of the family head;
On it the happiness of the family depends,
From the beginning to the end.

The marriage tie comes from on high,
And is binding on us until we die.
It is sanctioned by the Father above,
And consecrated below in love.

Some enter this state simply for gain,
And suffer the consequence in pain.
Some enter it in pomp and style,
And repent in a little while.

Some enter it to become a slave,
To find too late, that they have married a knave.
Some enter it entirely too young,
When life with them has just begun.

Then there's some who marry in haste,
Without stopping to consult habit or taste;
Marry in haste, repent at leisure,
Because such union don't fill the measure.

Some enter this state to get a home,
To find they had better remained alone.
Marriage without love makes you slaves,
With no freedom this side the grave.

Some enter this state because of love,
And thus fulfill the law above.
They sweetly dwell together through life,
Without any wars, bickering or strife.

This was the intention when time began,
When the bearing of love was presented to man;
That he should take her as his wife,
Love and protect her all their lives.

Then study well this fearful step,
That you in after-life may not regret;
That you a happy race may run,
See then that it is well begun.

For when once taken it will be too late
To return again to the single state;
For you a solemn vow must take,
That nothing but death should ever break.

Oh, what a dreary, desolate state,
Where husband and wife each other hate!
The sun of love will give it no light,
When they do nothing but quarrel and fight.

When you grow old, and married you be,
Some of these hints perhaps you will see;
But while young and in your prime,
I fear you will read them as simply a rhyme.

WHEN I AM DEAD.

WHEN these lips have lost their bloom,
My frame cold and silent in the tomb;
I wonder then if one will hear,
And in my absence shed a tear.
I wonder then what of my fame;
Will there be a whisper of my name?

My ready pen will in idleness lay,
The one who used it has gone away;
Transcribing no lines of praise for me,
As time sails on to eternity.
Will the many dear friends in time we've seen,
Remember me but in their dreams?

What little good I may have done,
In the short race of life I've run,
Let those dear friends who knew me best,
Tell the world while I sweetly rest.
Let the mantle of human charity hush
Evil speaking against me on earth.

If I have sown in time, any seeds
That would produce other than weeds;
Or if by my humble efforts I've gained
A place in the heart of any dear friends,
Let them arise and the testimony furnish;
That the truth may stand, and error be punished.

When these poor hands, wrinkled and old,
Over my silent breast they fold ;
My pallid cheek and my marble brow
They kindly kiss, as around me they bow.
On my sightless eyes the penny is laid,
And thus I'm prepared for the lonely grave.

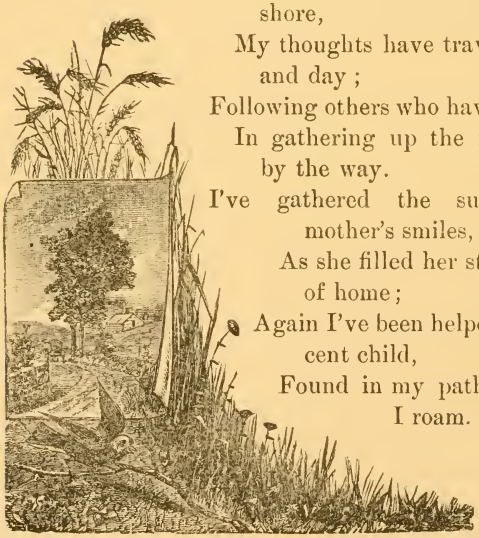
An humble slab may mark my tomb,
To tell the passer-by my doom.
The monument that will last the best,
Are the works from which I'll be at rest.
And when I'm gone, my race is run,
I'll be remembered by what I've done.

That monument may not be one of fame,
Yet it perpetuates an humble name ;
May it tell to others that while I lived,
I labored and toiled for something to give,
That I might to others be of some good,
As I passed through life, doing what I could.

From time to eternity my deeds will all go,
And then all intelligence my record shall know ;
How careful then ought we all to be,
When God and the angels our lives shall see.
Will I be numbered in that happy band,
That will dwell forever with God and the Lamb?

GLEANINGS.

IN gleaning with the reapers in time,
Among the varied fields of earth,
I've gathered thoughts to feed the mind,
Selecting them because of their worth.
I've gathered the wheat and left the weeds,
Dame Nature to me has been very kind,
Furnishing fields so full of great deeds,
Arranging them in bundles ready to bind.



I've gleaned the earth from shore to shore,
My thoughts have traveled by night and day;
Following others who have gone before,
In gathering up the fragments left by the way.
I've gathered the sunbeams from mother's smiles,
As she filled her station as queen of home;
Again I've been helped by the innocent child,
Found in my pathway wherever I roam.

I've gleaned from the Savior lessons of love
In the wonderful words to the world he hath given,
Which fell like showers down from above,
Guiding and instructing us how to gain heaven.
Bright roses have aided me in all that I do,
Filling my mind with love and life,
As they reflect their beauty in their brilliant hue,
And grow in life's pathway so pretty and white.

By faith I have gleaned on the evergreen shore,
While I study the joys of pleasures untold,
Holding sweet converse with those gone before,
As they sweetly rest secure in the fold.
Again I have traveled to far distant lands,
Reading their history, learning their claims,
Studying the conduct and habits of man,
That I might assist him in some of his aims.

I have studied the planets of the upper world,
God's wonderful skill I can see in them;
As they his glory and wisdom unfurled,
Presenting his goodness to the children of men.
When man grows old, and ripe for the tomb,
Hath not God in his goodness and wonderful love
Banished death's night and destroyed its gloom,
By taking man home to mansions above?

MY SPIRIT LINGERS.

MY troubled spirit still lingers,
In uneasiness, sorrow and pain.
With unceasing trouble surging,
Like fires upon the plains;
Which life's imperfect powers
Have tried to stop in vain.

Yet when I call on Jesus,
My soul doth find relief
In his great soothing powers,
Which come to bring me peace;
I only have to ask him,
To have all my troubles cease.

I am not cold or faithless,
Yet sometimes I complain;
Then I seek my Master's blessings
And seek them not in vain;
They still my bitter anguish,
And lessen all my pain.

I know that Jesus loves me,
Still lives and loves me there;
And the thought of his dear presence,
Helps me my burdens bear.
Then what is all my anguish
To the love that Jesus bears?

If I could only see him !
Some time I want to go,
To receive such words of comfort
Which I can not here below ;
But I must endure with patience,
And strive against my woes.

Thus will Jesus answer,
" Your time of pain is brief ;
For soon the peace of heaven
Will give you sweet relief."
Oh ! may this earthly comfort
Give me that perfect peace.

And when I leave for heaven's gate,
Where radiant angels sweetly wait,
My immortal spirit will Jesus take,
And bid it welcome at the gate.
He whispers to me words of cheer,
Which fall like music on my ear.

" Press on, then," speaks my guide,
" Heaven's joys are deep and vast;
Press upward and on, tired spirit
For heaven is yours at last.
In this your earthly anguish,
A thousand years have passed."

SAY, WILL YOU WEEP?

SAY, will you weep, my precious child,
When we are separated so many miles?
Or will you have one wish or fear,
To flood those eyes with the bitter tear,
And fill your life with anxious cares.

Say, will you weep, when as a bride,
In life's uncertain boat you ride?
Incumbered with fears of an evil tide,
I pray thee, then, in what will you hide?
May you be protected and the waves defied.

Say, will you weep, my precious one,
When the trials of life have just begun?
Before to the end of the voyage you've come,
Before all the trials of life are done,
Before that rest and crown you've won.

Say, will you weep, or be troubled in mind,
Over kind friends you've left behind?
Will you in fond memory hold them fast,
Or will you forget the happy past?
Entirely forget your friends at last.

Say, will you weep, my child so dear,
When to the fair distant land you steer?
Or will it be smiles for the friends you meet,
As you swiftly glide o'er the tide so sweet,
And meekly preside o'er home so neat?

GOD'S WORD.

GOD'S Word, O wonderful theme!
By which we converse with him unseen.
In which he describes the works of his hand;
In which he portrays the destiny of man.

God's Word presents us his Son, the Christ,
Who worked for us the problem of life.
It proves to us that he is the Son given,
And teaches us the science of living.

God's Word—blessed, wonderful book,
In which we see beauty wherever we look.
God's Word to us is a looking-glass,
Presenting man in the future, man in the past.

God's Word a light to our feet, a lamp to our path,
Showing the duty and danger of life as we pass.
It becomes our buckler, support and shield,
In the wonderful power for good it yields.

God's Word is eternal, it will not pass away;
Supplies and controls us day by day.
Wonderful Word, that scatters our night;
Precious Word, that promises us life.

God's Word his power, with it he saves ;
Teaching us how in his house to behave ;
Supplying us daily with spiritual food,
Guiding and controlling in all that's good.

God's Word is life, spirit and truth,
Assuring us of heaven by infallible proof.
The sword of the Spirit, envelope of his will,
All the wants of mankind it will fill.

To hear God's Word, obey his commands,
Wisdom declares the whole duty of man ;
For those who fail will be banished from sight,
Into eternal darkness, which is eternal night.

God's Word is sweeter than honey in the comb,
While preparing us for heaven, our home.
It sustains us in life, comforts in death,
And prepares us finally for eternal rest.

Precious treasure, thou art mine,
For in thee the way I find.
Counsel and guide, instructor and friend,
Support and uphold me unto the end.

THE WINE-CUP.

THE wine-cup, O cruel and cursed thing,
Which so much sorrow and trouble doth bring!
Filling the world with poverty and crime,
While the human family with cords it binds;
Banishing life and love wherever it dwells,
While preparing poor souls for an endless hell.

The wine-cup, as taken from fair ladies' hands,
Has been the downfall of many a young man;
Because the rules of society this cup demands,
It's allowed to scatter destruction all over the land.
From the President down to the lowest of earth,
This wine-cup is present in all their mirth.

With the wine-cup, young men can cut a swell,
Until it lodges them in the prison cell.
The wine-cup is one of earth's bitterest roots;
It degrades man, making him worse than the brute;
It unfits him for home and the society of friends,
And hastens his life to a sad, bitter end.

What ails that wife of just a few years?
Her heart's full of sorrow, her eyes filled with tears;
She certainly has tasted of some bitter thing,
As no longer her voice like sweet music rings.
The fruit she is eating that brings the sad end,
Is the wine-cup she handed to her husband as a friend.

What ails that mother, stricken with years?
Her life full of sorrow, trouble and fears;
Her husband sleeps in a poor drunkard's grave;
Her sons all drunkards, the wine-cup's slaves.
Her home one of poverty, misery and crime,
Presenting the fruitage of too much wine.

What ails that man in the prison cell?
He's the son of a mother that raised him well;
While hunting the cause of this man's crime,
He will attribute his downfall to too much wine.
It fills our asylums with men who are wild;
It destroys mother's hopes in her own dear child.

You see that poor wretch dangling from the tree,
You ask the cause: he killed a man in a spree;
Justice has been met, as the law demands,
The wine-cup caused this poor wretch to be hanged.
That your life does not end in a cell or on a tree,
I entreat you, my friend, from the wine-cup to flee.

The slave may be bound to a master for life,
As a slave he can live and keep his soul white.
When he's free from his toils, having finished his task.
They serve to make heaven sweeter at last;
But the slave of the wine-cup can not this say,
For his case grows more hopeless each day.

You invite this evil, one of the devil's own,
Into your parlors, into your homes ;
You protect it by law, and much trouble take
To see that the wine-cup has a fair shake ;
In order that your children might the disease take,
Fine parlors and saloons are prepared for its sake.

What will we say in America's free land ?
Shall we banish this evil and destroyer of man ?
If a disease should be found lurking on our shore,
That would send annually to the grave, sixty thousand or more,
Quarantine camps would be placed everywhere,
To banish the enemy and keep the coast clear.

HERE AND THERE.

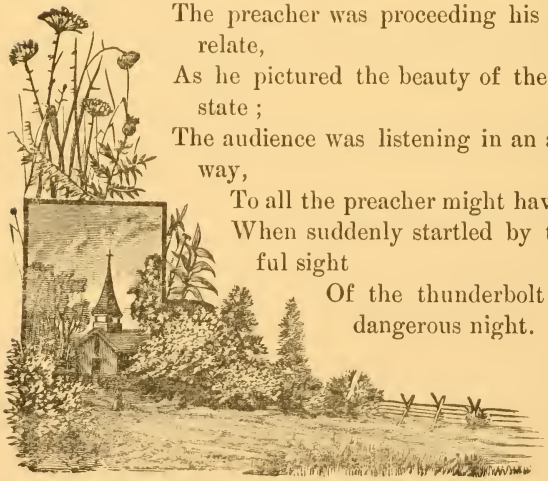
HERE we endure the trials of life,
There we are free from sin and strife.
Here we have to toil while we stay ;
There we enjoy the rest of eternal day.
Here we weep for the loss of dear friends ;
There our sorrows all have an end.

Here all things lovely must pass away ;
There all that's good can forever stay.
Budded on earth are the flowers of love,
Which ripen in fruit in mansions above
Here but temporal mansions are given,
The eternal mansions are reserved in heaven.

THE THUNDERBOLT.

THE disciples had met in their usual place ;
The preacher was present his theme to relate.
The day was sultry and unpleasantly warm,
Yet no one feared the gathering storm ;
The lightning flashed, the thunder rolled,
Before the preacher had half his subject told.

With some beautiful hymns the service began,
And they praised God's name as the voice of one man.
Divine favors they had asked in prayer,
And all felt assured his mercies were there ;
When suddenly came the fearful shock,
Which struck terror to the worshiping flock.



The preacher was proceeding his theme to relate,
As he pictured the beauty of the adopted state ;
The audience was listening in an attentive way,
To all the preacher might have to say;
When suddenly startled by the fearful sight
Of the thunderbolt on that dangerous night.

The night was dark, the wind was high,
Yet no one had come there that night to die;
The preacher was seized with a death-like spell,
Leaving others the rest of the story to tell.
The lightning descended upon his head,
Causing all to suppose that he was dead.

They said he was encircled with a beautiful light,
Presenting a brilliant and magnificent sight;
When he fell heavily on his face to the floor,
While the audience in grief his fate did deplore.
As soon as relieved by the force of the shock,
Around him dear friends did hurriedly flock.

They worked with a will, which was not in vain,
In bringing him back to life again;
How they rejoiced and did almost cheer,
When the signs of life began to appear.
They rejoiced in God and praised his name,
To think their labors were not in vain.

To that Being who rules and reigns above,
They offer their praise as a tribute of love;
In that he guided them safe through the storm,
And out of that death-trap with so little harm.
They received it as a mark of heaven's favor,
Instead of wrath or divine displeasure.

SYMPATHY.

SYMPATHY for thy dear friends
Is much like love; it has no end.
By taking hold of the human mind,
It has worked wonders for mankind.
Through sympathy much good has been done;
Besides, many victories have been won.

It was sympathy for man who was lost,
That nailed the Savior to the cross;
His great sympathy for his friends,
Caused him his great aid to lend,
In preparing a mansion in the skies,
For suffering manhood when it dies.

His sympathy for us in the ills of earth,
Caused him to prepare the second birth,
So that we, when free from sin and pain,
Might in his glorious presence reign.
Through sympathy he bore our ills,
That he might the cup of blessing fill.

The mother's sympathy for the child,
Has filled the world with tears and smiles.
While our sympathy for dear friends,
Causes our labors never to end.
We sympathize with the sick in bed;
We sympathize with friends for the dead.

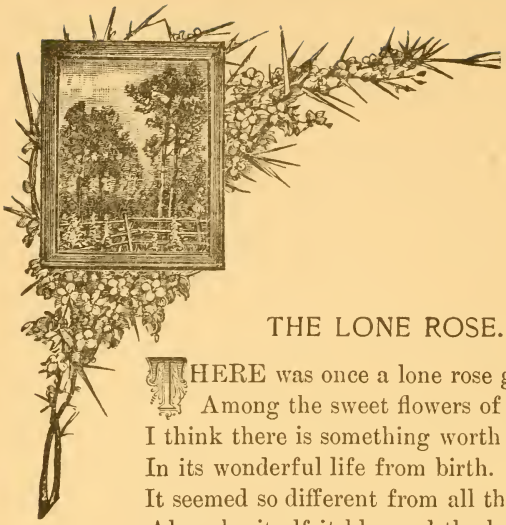
So the sympathy between friend and friend,
Helps us all their wants to attend,
Making the journey of life more sweet,
As we dear friends in sympathy greet;
While at the thought of parting we chill,
We sympathize for each other still.

There is sympathy between lover and lover,
There is sympathy between father and mother,
There is sympathy between sister and brother,
For we all have sympathy for one another.
This stream of sympathy the world does fill,
Softening up the human will.

INVISIBLE.

THERE'S a beautiful face in the silent air,
Which follows me ever and near;
With smiling eyes and golden hair,
With voiceless lips, yet with silent prayer,
That I feel but can not hear.

The dimpled cheeks and ringlets of gold
Lie low on my bosom to rest.
I stretch my arms for the clasp of old,
But the empty air is strangely cold,
And so my vigil alone I keep.



THE LONE ROSE.

THERE was once a lone rose growing,
Among the sweet flowers of earth;
I think there is something worth knowing,
In its wonderful life from birth.
It seemed so different from all the rest,
Alone by itself it bloomed the best.

To it but little attention was paid,
By itself it grew to the blooming age.
This made it more attractive you know;
Because the gardener had slighted it so.
In rambling on earth I stopped a while,
To study this rose—Dame Nature's child.

To find one like it, you'd search in vain,
So this wonderful rose must have a name.
To name it in harmony with roses to-day,
We will simply call it the Queen of May.
It resembled greatly this month of the year,
In its flowers and foliage so bright and clear.

To attend this rose was my heart's delight,
Although at times I was seized with fright,
As the storms of affliction would press it sore;
I feared my rose would bloom no more.
And then I watched with anxious eyes,
For fear my rose would sicken and die.

Often its hue would sicken and fade,
Its flowers resemble those grown in shade.
Again the season of health would restore
The beauty and grace of life as before.
With delight I studied its beauty and charms,
And tenderly folded it within my arms.

I nourished, I cherished, I attended with care,
For to me it had now become very dear;
I'd sit by its side and drive away cares,
And for its safety I shed many tears.
Could I have remained in this happy state,
This simple story I would never relate.

I learned to love it by night and day,
When from my presence it was taken away.
No more could I claim my sweet Queen of May;
For others had taken her far, far away.
I meekly submit to the powers that be,
Assured that my rose still blooms for me.

To those who possess now its beautiful charms,
I pray them to shield it from danger and harm.
I hope they to it will ever be true,
For no such a rose I think ever grew.
While lonely and sadly o'er the world I rove,
I'll never forget my lone sweet rose.

PRESENT IN ABSENCE.

I MAY not see thy features,
Save in memory's faithful glass ;
But I feel that you are with me
Each moment as they pass.

I feel you in the prompting
Of good that fills my heart ;
I hear you in the voices
Which pleasure doth impart.

You whisper solace to me,
When sorrow's clouds are dark ;
You fan hope's fading embers
When dwindled to a spark.

Your voice is sweetest music,
But it greeteth not the ear ;
The heart alone receives it,
The heart alone can hear.

A PICTURE.

I DO not think the artist could draw
A lovelier picture than thee.
Thy perfection seems without a flaw;
Thy form and measure agree.

This is not all in thee I see,
That thou art fair and bright,
Thy golden locks waving so free;
Thy movements so soft and light.

Of all the hearts that beat on earth,
There's none more pure than thine;
A life that's fuller of moral worth,
A being almost divine.

Already to me thou hast proved
The possession of a soul sincere;
A heart that's full of sincere love,
A mind both rich and clear.

Already by so many kind deeds,
You have proven this picture true;
In all of which we're truly agreed,
Which binds me closer to you.

You're truly wise, good, and fair;
You become all of this to me;
Nor could I find, to search near and far,
A lovelier being than thee.

FADED FLOWERS.

ALL over this busy world of ours,
We are constantly meeting faded flowers,
Who once in beauty and splendor did grow ;
But now by the destroyer Time, are laid low ;
Once arrayed in bright, brilliant dress,
But now prepared for a long silent rest.

I look on the face of a mother so kind,
And find it all marked with the furrows of time ;
Her form all bent and shattered with cares,
Her head covered o'er with the frost of years ;
As she silently passes life's latest hour,
I see her as somebody's sweet faded flower.

I meet the child of but a few years ;
It's unacquainted with sorrow and cares ;
It's the hope of the mother, the pride of the home,
Then why for this flower does dear mother mourn ?
Because it is fading—she'll soon be alone ;
Mother's bright flower has faded and gone home.

I meet the young maid, all blooming in youth,
The impression of beauty, friendship and truth ;
Her life so brilliant, her deportment so true,
Her complexion resembling the rainbow in hue.
Alas ! the destroyer wants but an hour
To present her as one of earth's faded flowers.

So it is with the flowers and beauties of earth,
Who seem so brilliant and beautiful at birth;
There is something to chill and destroy their bloom,
To destroy our hope and make sure their doom.
I go to the cemetery and spend silent hours,
In reading the history of earth's faded flowers.

WORDS.

WORDS are the signs of ideas, you know;
With them we communicate what we know;
They then become the medium of thought;
By them both good and evil are wrought.

Words convey a picture of the heart,
As it is the fountain from which they start.
By words we sometimes a picture show,
That we intended no others to know.

Weigh your words in the balance of truth
Before you ever turn them loose;
If no bad effect you'd have them to leave,
Aim to use words that others believe.

A kind word in the proper place,
Will brighten with smiles the sorrowing face;
While angry words will stir up wrath,
And do no one any good at last.

Words of encouragement from a friend,
Help us many of our losses to mend;
They buoy us up with might and main,
And help us in failures to try again.

Words of reproof, if administered mild,
Are wholesome food for the erring child;
While words of warning are often too late,
To save the erring from a fearful mistake.

Words of comfort are sought by all,
As a means of solace to the great and small;
They console the dying, they cheer the faint,
And are most effective when used by saints.

The last words spoken by friends, in time,
Make the deepest impression on the mind;
They live in our hearts, they ring in our ears,
And are not destroyed by coming years.

ON RECEIVING A LETTER.

"THEY fell like summer sunshine,
Those words so kind and true;
You penned them, little thinking
Of the good that they might do.

"The world may never know it,
And you may never heed;
But the words you whispered softly,
Have proven to be good seed."

WEEP NOT FOR ME.

WEEP not for me—my friends, don't weep,
When in the grave I sweetly sleep ;
Remember, I am now at rest ;
Submit to Him who does all things best.

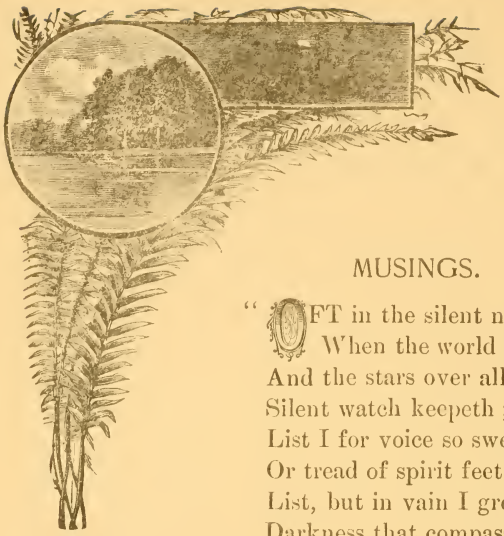
While in life to me you were kind,
I had to go and leave you behind.
O'er my absence do not cry,
But prepare to meet me by and by.

I know you're lonely with me away,
But in this state you'll not always stay.
When from tears and sorrow free,
I'll meet you in eternity.

When the hour comes for us to part,
You draw like cords around my heart ;
That solemn scene you can't forget,
It lingers in your memory yet.

Death did us asunder part,
Which filled with sorrow all your hearts ;
But in the pages of memory green,
Are written the history of happier scenes.

Weep not for me, my dearest friends,
For all our lives must have an end ;
But meekly wait the appointed day,
When from your sorrow you're called away.



MUSINGS.

" OFT in the silent night,
When the world sleepeth ;
And the stars over all,
Silent watch keepeth ;
List I for voice so sweet,
Or tread of spirit feet ;
List, but in vain I greet
Darkness that compasseth.

" Then on my window sill,
Lean I and dreameth ;
And through the silent night,
Phantom-like comes my delight,
In all her beauteous train,
And her face beneath.
And lo ! she speaks to me,
Earthward descending.

" By every starlight gleam,
Thy vigils tending,
Come I, O love of mine ;
And for thy love divine,

My soul for aye is thine,
Till thy life ending,
You rest in a holier clime,
And enjoy bliss sublime.

"Wake I, O lonely heart,
Cease thy dull aching.
Lonely forevermore,
Forevermore breaking.
With thy love's presence gone,
Agony and torment come;
Shutting out daylight's dawn,
Sleeping or waking."

BE TRUE.

IF you would prosper in what you do,
Adopt this motto in business: "Be true."
Make the upright man a model for you,
And follow the man you know to be true.
Then when you are old, your life you'll not rue;
The world will praise you because you were true.

Not only in business does it pay to be true,
But in all the walks of life you pursue,
This rule is good and will benefit you,
When others find to your calling you're true.
It makes the best friends you ever knew,
And they will stay by you as long as you're true.

Be true as a husband, be true as a wife,
Which will fill your home with the joy of life.
Be true to your children, they will trust you
As long as they know to them you are true;
You soon will their confidence shake,
Whenever they find your promise you'll break.

Be true to the poor and humble of earth,
Whom you may excel in station and birth;
Remember, they have wants similar to you,
And love a friend whom they know to be true.
God will bless you with heaven in view,
Because to the poor he found you to be true.

Be true to your Maker who created you,
Placing you here with a grand purpose in view;
Designing that you should eternal life find,
If you would be true, upright and kind.
Then observe his laws with this rule in view:
"To all his requirements I'll ever be true."

Be true to yourself, and no pretense make,
For such the world soon learns to hate.
Mere pretentions soon come to an end,
For such will never surround us with friends.
When done with life, and its history we view,
It will read better if it is written true.

MANSIONS ABOVE.

IN my Father's house that's built above,
There is unending joy and love;
Where we can dwell and forever stay
In the realms of that eternal day.
There is no night in that city they say,
No moon by night nor sun by day;
For the glory of Him who sits on the throne,
Is the light of that city for every one.

There is no sickness in that healthful clime,
To affect God's people with the ills of time;
For Jesus, our Savior, hath richly prepared
Fountains of health for all who enter there.
In the tree of life on the river side,
We see the means the Lord did provide;
On the foliage and fruit it continually yields,
God's people are fed and their malady healed.

They say there's no death in that sinless land,
For those who with Jesus here take their stand;
That Jesus a crown of life will prepare,
For all of his righteous saints to wear.
What a happy privilege for you and for me,
To thus be prepared for eternity.
From sickness, sorrow and death to be free,
And with Jesus, our Savior, ever to be.

They say that God, our Father, will be
In that beautiful home which by faith I see ;
That Jesus as brother will dwell with us there,
In that mansion of love, so bright and fair.
That all of our wants he'll fully supply,
And wipe all tears from the weeping eye;
That our constant companion the angels will be,
When we from this world of sorrow are free.

There's a beautiful gate to that city I'm told,
That we must pass through who would enter the fold ;
That separates the wicked from the children of light,
And shields the righteous from that eternal night.
Blessed are they who obey his commands,
Theirs are the joys of that holy land.
In spotless robes both clean and white,
They enter their rest—the saints' delight.

To this mansion above is where Jesus went,
On his return to the Father, by whom he was sent;
There to intercede for us in the skies ;
There to watch over us with all-seeing eyes.
Our hearts need not be troubled, neither be afraid,
In view of the rich provisions for us he has made.
But in patience let us wait the coming of the Lord,
To take us to those mansions—our final reward.

WAYSIDE FLOWERS.

THE most beautiful flowers I ever knew,
Are those which by the wayside grew.
They are the ones in which nature prides,
Because she produced them by the wayside.

They are not influenced or affected by others,
Being isolated from their sisters and brothers ;
They shine more brilliant in their beautiful hue,
Because of the element in which they grew

No florist is there with his acquired skill,
To train them in growth their station to fill ;
Without this help these wayside beauties,
Have glorified nature in doing their duty.

As they grow in beauty on the silent plain,
Or are found along life's highways and lanes ;
Thus adding to the beauty of nature's charm,
While she kindly shields them from all harm.

HOME.

WHEN at the close of the day we come,
With all of its trials and labors done ;
There is no place so good to rest,
As at home with those that we love best ;
There we can rest surrounded with love,
And enjoy a foretaste of that home above.

Home, blessed place, the safest on earth,
Here we're shut out from the world and its mirth ;
Here we're free from temptation and strife,
While here we find the true pleasure of life.
Here around the hearthstone we meet,
Husband and wife and children to greet.

Happy and safe in each other's love,
Guarded and protected by power from above.
In this happy circle what pleasure we see,
While it mingles with the gladness of childhood's glee.
Father and mother can now their rest take,
For here they know their children are safe.

In life's rugged pathway, alone as we've roamed,
How oft have we longed for the pleasures of home.
When the day's ended, and night draweth nigh,
The mention of home will cause us to sigh.
Where'er we go, how far we may roam,
There's no place on earth so sacred as home.

Guard it, protect it, from danger and harm,
May it long be shielded from death's alarm.
Make home more attractive to both young and old,
Your children contented to stay in the fold ;
The world with enticements can't win them away,
If home is made pleasant, for in it they'll stay.

How pleasant to sit in twilight at home,
While love and contentment around me are thrown ;
And watch the dear children in frolic and fun ;
I go back in memory to when I was young.
Again I'm a child, full of frolic and glee ;
Again I'm resting on dear mother's knee.

When we have the journey of time fully made,
The evening of life casts o'er us its shade ;
Our frame all trembling and bending with care,
Our head covered o'er with the frost of many years ;
In innocent childhood no longer to roam,
But rest, sweetly rest in the shadows of home.

While we wait for the summons from above,
Inviting us into the mansions of love ;
Where we can remain through the eternal day,
And not even death can hinder our stay.
On the wings of His love to that region we're borne,
Forever to enjoy our eternal home.

PASSING AWAY.

AS I look upon the world as it surrounds me to-day,
Everything tells me that it's passing away.
The sun rising in the morning and setting at night,
Teaches me this in its every-day flight;
Day after day, and night after night,
As they follow each other in their hurried flight,
(Without speaking) teach me, and thus plainly say:
"All things temporal are passing away."

I watch the seasons as they come and go,
And they too instruct me in the things I should know.
One after the other while hurrying by say,
"Watch us, and study us, for we are passing away."
Spring following winter, the same they can say,
As autumn follows summer, "We are passing away."
The leaflets, while falling in the cool autumn days,
Silently whisper: "We are passing away."

I stand by the river as it flows on its way,
I watch the silvery wavelets sporting in play;
While under the sunlight in beauty arrayed,
Each wave tells me: "I'm passing away."
I study the lilies which by her side grow,
With flowers so pretty, as white as the snow;
As they bow to the breezes, I hear them say,
"With the frosts and the winter, we are passing away."

I watch the snowflakes as they fall so light,
Covering the earth so beautiful and white ;
But as the sun comes up in the heat of the day,
The snowflakes whisper softly : " We're passing away."
I see the dewdrops sparkling on the green grass ;
Smiling on me sweetly as by them I pass.
As the day advances, under the sun's rays
The dewdrop is dried up and passes away.

I study sweet childhood in its innocent bloom ;
Again I see it : its sun is at noon.
Later at evening or at the close of life's day,
I'm admonished that manhood is passing away.
When I remember the friends of former days,
Or go out in memory to see where they stay ;
My heart is made sad when I read on the tomb,
The history of so many whose sun set at noon.

Again as I sit at the death-bed of friends,
When life's rugged journey is nearing its end ;
How anxious we are to prolong their stay :
But still, we can't keep them, they're passing away.
And as we plant a kiss on the cold marble brow,
And meekly submit, and to Providence bow,
From the cold, silent lips a voice seems to say :
" Weep not for dear friends who are passing away."

SPRING.

SPRING has come, all nature's gay ;
Spring has come, the birdies say,
As they fly among the trees,
And sweetly warble in the breeze.

Spring has come ; flowers in bloom,
Banishing from sight winter's gloom.
The earth is carpeted o'er with green,
The most beautiful sight ever seen.

Spring has come, the children say,
As they merrily romp and play ;
With bare feet and rosy cheeks,
Now their joy is complete.

Spring has come ; all nature's glad,
And the earth's with beauty clad ;
From her bosom flowers spring,
While the air with music rings.

Spring has come ; the farmer goes
To the field with plow and hoe ;
Bravely toils from morn till night,
Preparing for winter's chilling blight.

Spring has come, we all have said,
Raising nature from the dead ;
Strewing beauty where'er we go,
As the leaves from flowers blow.

Spring has come ; the poor are glad,
As they go forth but thinly clad ;
Now from nature's bounty they're fed,
No more the ice and snow to dread.

Spring has come ; the brooklets fill,
When they are free from their ice-bound spell ;
Their silvery waves in the sun reflect,
While their finny tribes we delight to catch.

Spring has come ; the season of life,
When the earth is delivered from frost and ice.
Arrayed in glory like the morning sun,
Nature seems glad that the change has come.

Spring has come, the Christians can say,
When on the resurrection day,
They enter the joys of that celestial clime,
Freed from all the winters of time.

FRIENDSHIP.

THOUGH I leave the dear ones at home all alone,
While o'er the prairie a short distance I roam ;
What gladdens my heart, and for this makes amends,
I know where I'm going there awaits me a friend.

While battling with evil and surrounded with strife,
We surely would become heart-sick and tired of life,
Were it not for the power upon which we depend,
The blessed support and influence of friends.

Who in days of adversity, trouble and care,
Are ready with sweet counsel our sad hearts to cheer ;
Not only to counsel, but our rights to defend ;
Such is the character of those we call friends.

When we are sick, racked with fever and pain,
To have dear friends near us, much benefit's gained ;
To watch at our bedside, on them we depend ;
For such is the pleasure of those we call friends.

The touch of their kind hands will deaden our pain,
And cause us to take courage and rally again ;
If we heed their good council our health we'll defend,
For such is the advice of those we call friends.

When duty's a question and we know not what's right,
We go to those dear ones to get their advice ;
It is always the safest on them to depend,
For they never will lead wrong, who are truly our friends.

How pleasant to be surrounded with dear, loving friends,
Who are ready and willing their assistance to lend.
It makes life happy even down to the end,
To lean on the strong arm of a dear, loving friend.

What would this world be? it might as well end,
If you deprive us the privilege and influence of friends;
But the happiest circle that around it extends,
Is the circle extended by the influence of friends.

FAREWELL.

THE hardest word for a tongue to tell,
Is to say to a loving friend farewell.
Upon the solemn parting, in the future we dwell,
And often go back to when we said farewell.

The scene will follow us like a spell,
And we continually hear the solemn farewell.
As friend after friend their last good-by tell,
And tenderly embracing us they say farewell.

As the train leaves the depot—some shedding tears,
It certainly must be sorrow, it can not be fears;
While guessing the cause, it is easy to tell;
To loved ones behind them they've just said farewell.

As we pass on life's highway, wherever we go,
We are sure to come in contact with some one we know ;
And if we have but time to stop for a spell,
Whenever we separate we must say farewell.

In the funeral procession we hear the bell toll,
Telling us another has passed into the fold ;
As we enter the procession and linger a spell,
Our hearts are made sad by the mourners' farewell.

When I pack my valise, and am ready to leave,
To preach the glad tidings and gather in the sheaves,
My thoughts upon leaving no one can tell,
When I say to wife and children, "Be good" and "farewell."

I know I am leaving ; will I see them again ?
The thought brings sorrow and fills me with pain ;
Some time in future, just when I can't tell,
I'll say for the last time, "Be good," and "farewell."

The whole human family, at no distant day,
Amid sorrow and sadness will have this to say ;
Because just at what time no one can tell,
When he will be called upon to say his last farewell.

It may be in the morning or at noon or night,
Or while feasting and reveling to the heart's delight ;
But sure the day's coming when things temporal will tell,
Alas ! and forever, one long, long, farewell.

HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD.

I AM back to the home of my childhood ;
The most precious and sacred place on earth.
It was here I grew up to womanhood,
And it is the place of my birth.
I roam again o'er the scenes of former days,
And enjoy the pleasures of childhood's plays.

I ramble again o'er fields and plains,
And gather nice flowers along hedges and lanes.
I rest in the shade of the beautiful grove,
Where with sister and brother I used to rove.
I am sitting again beside the door,
Where so many times I had sat before.

I am resting with sister beneath the shade,
Where we in childhood so often played.
I hear the sweet tone as the dinner-bell rings,
As the hands from the field to their meals it brings.
I am watching the sports and joys of the day,
Apparently I've forgotten that I'm so far away.

Again I am back to my school-girl days.
With the mates of my youth I am busy at play ;
Or with books and slate as in days of yore,

The field of knowledge again I explore.
I am standing by the side of my teachers so kind,
Plying them with questions, the truth to find.

"Dear daughter, come to me," I hear mother say,
As she used to call me when I was at play;
Dear mother, how it grieves me your call I can't obey.
Time has robbed me of you; in your cold grave you lay.
I wish I could run to you as I have often done,
And enjoy your love and counsel as when I was young.

I approach again with breathless tread,
That solemn place, the city of the dead;
Where marble columns tell me plain,
Here is where the dear ones were laid.
At each grave I pause awhile and dwell
Upon the history that the monument tells.

Leaving the dear dead to enjoy that sleep,
"From which none ever wake to weep,"
To the home of my childhood I return in grief,
Assured that my pilgrimage on earth will be brief;
For the "Father of spirits" will call me away,
In the old home graveyard with them I'll lay.

TRUE LOVE.

TRUE love is like the climbing rose,
The higher it climbs the stronger it grows;
With firmer hold to its object it clings,
And only is broken by death's cruel sting.
It tenderly embraces within its fold,
Sweet clusters of peace to young and old.

The fountain of life in the human heart
Is opened up by Love's cupid dart;
To the walls of the heart it tenderly clings,
Banishing hatred with all its stings;
Starting the fountain of youth anew,
Bringing sweet solace to the tried and true.

Taking husband and wife in its tender embrace,
Keeping each one in their proper place.
Embracing their children as household gods,
It often shields them from the chastening rod.
Under its reign the family's controlled,
And thus they're prepared for the Shepherd's fold.

Plant this rose in the human heart,
And nothing but good from it will start.
When you grow old in declining years,
It will help you conquer, it will quell your fears;
May you rest in its shade all your life,
With this I greet you as husband and wife.

GOOD-BY.

"GOOD-BY, good by! for you and me
The parting hour has come;
No more to meet in concord sweet,
In any earthly home.

"A sad good-by for you and me,
What may the future be?
Yes; parted now, we humbly bow
To cruel fate's decree.

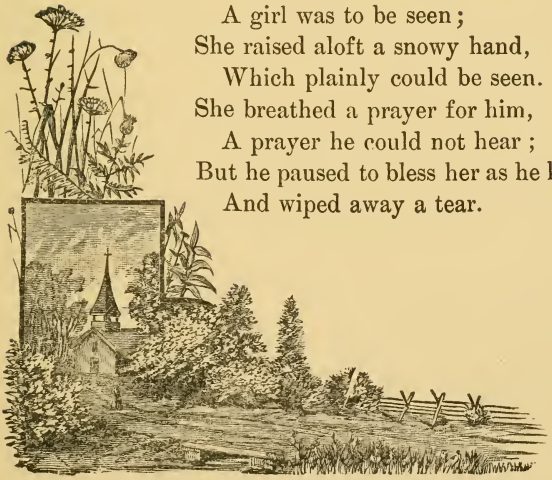
"The hands may part, but heart to heart
Is firmly bound for aye.
Let others fail, we'll love the same
Forever, as to-day.

"Alas! good-by for you and me,
No meeting hours will come.
All trials past; you're safe at last
Within your peaceful home.

"Good-by, good-by, for you and me,
No more thy face I'll see.
Good-by, good-by, for you and me,
I hear the wicked decree."

THE LOVER'S TEAR.

UPON his journey he turned
To take a last fond look
Of the valley, and little church,
And the place of his loved one's birth.
He listens to the sounds
So familiar to his ear;
And the lover bows his head,
And wipes away a tear.



Beside a window screen
A girl was to be seen;
She raised aloft a snowy hand,
Which plainly could be seen.
She breathed a prayer for him,
A prayer he could not hear;
But he paused to bless her as he kneeled,
And wiped away a tear.

He turned away and left the spot;
Oh, do not deem him weak!
For dauntless was the lover's heart,
Tho' tears were on his cheek.
"Go, watch the busy man,
In duty, trials, and care;
Be sure the hand most busy there,
Has wiped away a tear."

NIGHT.

AMID thy sable curtains, O night,
You hide earth's beauty from my sight;
Yet you bring me sweet relief,
Silent hours in which to sleep.

You fill one of nature's requests,
In bringing your silent hours of rest;
Through which I unconsciously lay,
Only awakened by the light of day.

Through your darkness fall heaven's tears,
Which earth's vegetation cheers
As it twinkles in the light;
Beautiful dew of precious night.

THE TWIN ROSES.

I SAW two roses growing in time,
That caused me to write the following lines:
One was large, thrifty, and stout;
The other small, appeared but a sprout.
To each other they were so tenderly inclined,
You would call them twins every time.

Why in this manner they so beautifully grew,
No one could tell, for no one knew.
It appeared Dame Nature had ordered it so,
And so was contented to let them grow;
With each other they appeared to do best,
So with each other we will let them rest.

Toward each other they were tenderly inclined;
Around each other their branches entwined;
They appeared to enjoy each other so much,
Oh, may no blight their happiness touch!
To separate them would be very bad,
For the love they for each other had.

When the small one bloomed, the other was glad;
When its bloom faded, the other was sad.
The large one seemed to be wholly inclined,
The life and safety of the small one to mind.
The small one seemed to realize this,
And enjoy its attention like a sweet little miss.

To see any distinction except in age and size,
Could not be done by the most critical eye.
The world's respect they seemed to win,
History will know them as the weeping twins.
Now, that the history of my roses is complete,
May they rest, sweetly rest, in their quiet sleep.

These roses represent two lives in time,
Which I intended for the reader's mind.
But, alas! you will stand at a later age,
Near a silent, lonely, but well-kept grave:
In fulfillment of a promise in time,
At the head of this grave twin roses each other entwine.

INFANT DAY.

BEAUTIFUL and lovely sight,
Lifting the curtains of another night;
Could I but prolong your stay,
To enjoy your beauties, infant day.

Your tapestry is tinted red,
With such they decorate your bed.
You eclipse the flowers of May,
By your beauties, infant day.

You tune with music the chords of earth,
The moon and stars hide at your birth.
All nature seems to arise and fly
At the opening of your eye.

TRIALS BY THE WAY.

"MY life is a wearisome journey ;
I'm worn with fatigue so complete ;
The blast of cold winter's upon me ;
The mud is submerging my feet.
But the city to which I am going,
Will more than my trials repay ;
All the trials of the road will be nothing,
When I get to the end of the way.

"There are so many barriers to surmount,
I often am longing for rest ;
But He who appointed my portion,
Knows just what is needful and best.
I know in his Word he has promised,
That my strength shall be as my day ;
And the hills on the road will be nothing,
When I get to the end of the way.

"He loves me too well to forsake me,
Or give me one trial too much ;
All His people have been dearly purchased,
And Satan can never claim such.
By and by I shall see him and praise him,
In the city of unending day ;
And the trials on the road will be nothing,
When I get to the end of the way.

" When the last feeble step has been taken,
And " the gates of the city " appear;
And the beautiful songs of the angels,
Float out on my listening ear;
When all that seems now so mysterious,
Will be plain and clear as the day;
Yes, the trials on the road will be nothing,
When I get to the end of the way.

" Though now I am footsore and weary,
I shall rest in that beautiful home;
I know I'll receive a glad welcome,
For the Shepherd himself has said, Come;
So when I am weary in body,
And drooping in spirit, I say:
The trials on the road will be nothing,
When I get to the end of the way.

" Cooling fountains for those who are thirsty;
There are cordials for those who are faint;
There are robes that are whiter and purer,
Than any that fancy can paint.
Then I'll try to press hopefully onward,
Thinking often through each weary day:
The trials of the road will be nothing,
When I get to the end of the way."

MOTHER.

IN the beginning of creation,
As time began to dawn,
The land divided from the water,
And everything took form;
When in the Garden of Eden,
Our federal head was shaped,
God saw that man was lonely
Because he had no mate.

While man, in Eden's glory,
Surveyed creation round;
In all the world before him,
There was no mother found.
God said, "I'll make a helpmeet,
For man to love and please;"
So from his side he took a rib,
And formed our Mother Eve.

And from that day forward,
Man's never been alone;
And life has had a magnet
In mother,—queen of home.
So, when man became wicked,
And from God's presence was driven,
Mothers have been much engaged
In winning him back to heaven.

To Mother Eve the promise is made,
Of a Messiah to come in time;
And along with her are seventy-six
Mothers placed in line.
From this host of royal mothers,
As was ever produced in time,
There arose a rank of mighty men,
A blessing to mankind.

An Abraham, an Isaac,
And a Jacob, too;
A Moses, Aaron and Joshua,
Leaders tried and true.
Next we have the prophets,
Those mighty men of earth,
Who received distinction
From mothers in their birth.

Those mothers then have blessed us,
All down the stream of time,
In giving us seventy fathers
To stand in the Savior's line.
As the time approaches
God's promise to Eve to fill,
A virgin is selected,
In obedience to his will.

And, that man might be redeemed,
And escape the chastening rod,
A nearer relation is now sustained
Between motherhood and God.
So we, with the angels,
And wise men of the east,
Worship the babe in the manger—
Mother's Prince of Peace.

And as he grew to manhood,
He is subject to her will;
And mother's heart rejoices
In witnessing his skill.
Mother is the first to command
Others to do his will,
When she orders them at Cana,
The water-pots to fill.

Mother is the first we love,
The first we learn to know
The one upon whom we depend,
For all things here below.
Mother's name—the first on earth
That infant lips express;
Mother's bosom—the dearest place
For weary heads to rest.

Mother's touch will still the pain
  Of weary limbs and head ;
Mother's love will never cease,
  E'en after we are dead.
Her fears and cares commence
  With children at their birth,
And follow them 'mid toil and cares,
  To all the ends of earth.

AN INFLUENCE.

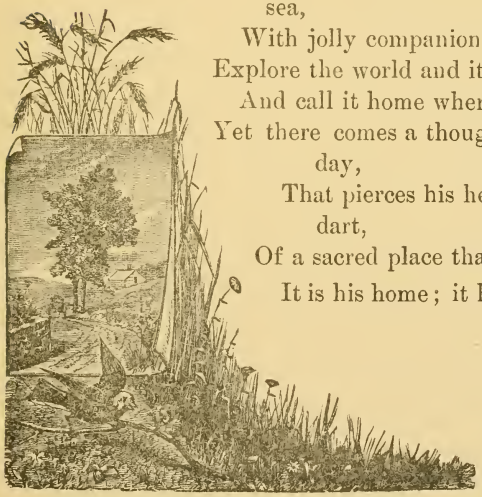
I FEEL thee like the balmy breeze,
  As it comes refreshing across the seas;
Like the sunshine after the rain,
You're soothing to a tired brain.

Like fresh water to the briny sea,
You take all the bitter out of me ;
Filling me with a spirit of peace,
Causing all trouble and anguish to cease.

Lifting up an uncultured mind,
Till it grasps things noble and sublime.
Filling with peace a troubled breast ;
With such an influence I am blest.

HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS.

THERE'S many a place where people dwell
In royal palaces or humble cots,
And suffer torture the tongue can't tell;
They call it home, and yet 'tis not.
A place to be home in deed and truth,
Where peace can reign and not depart,
In ripe old age or blooming youth,
Is the place that holds a loving heart.



The wanderer may travel by land and sea,
With jolly companions by his side;
Explore the world and its wonders see,
And call it home where'er he abide;
Yet there comes a thought at close of day,
That pierces his heart like a fiery dart,
Of a sacred place that's far away:
It is his home; it holds his heart.

There is always a place that has its charms,
To which we return on memory's wings,
And sweetly rest from care and harm.
The old home ballads we delight to sing,
The desponding it will always cheer;
In all its joys we can take a part,
If only the welcome voice we hear,
Because it's the place that holds our heart.

Homes are not made of silver or gold,
Where the rich in their splendor spend the day
In dull formality, cheerless and cold;
As the slaves of fashion they wear life away.
It may be a cot in some lonely dell,
Where the mind is stayed never to depart;
In peace and happiness its inmates dwell,
Because it's the home of two loving hearts.

LOVE.

LOVE is a power, both human and divine.
As divine, it embraces all of mankind.
God so loved the world, in the Bible we're told,
That he offered his Son as a lamb from his fold.
Love caused him to suffer and bleed on the tree,
That man might be happy and finally free.
If love had such power as seen in his day,
May it not lead us and keep us from going astray?

Love is a girdle encircling the world,
Scattering friendship wherever unrolled ;
Gathering in clusters the upright and just ;
Sending peace and good will to the ends of the earth.
Tenderly embracing both young and old ;
While it safely shields them within its folds.
This wonderful girdle was woven above,
And the name of its author is "God is love."

Love is an anchor ; the ship is the soul,
Which on the rough sea of life it does hold ;
While our tempest-tossed ship o'er breakers may steer,
With love as an anchor, there's nothing to fear.
While we sail on this sea by day and by night,
Love keeps the better land always in sight.
When our boat touches the far distant shore,
There with love as an anchor we'll dwell evermore.

Love is a chain that was forged in His name,
The rough, ugly passions of mankind to tame.
It enters the heart filled with hatred and strife ;
By banishing evil it fills it with life.
It ennobles our natures by banishing sin ;
It conquers our enemies ; the victory we win.
A link in our lives of this chain we find,
Which binds us together by making us kind.

He is mistaken, who thinks love can die,
While all other passions from us may fly ;
Like chaff in the wind they are driven away,
Love is immortal, and with us will stay ;
Like fire upon the altar, it burns all the day,
And keeps us from partaking of evil's bad ways.
It strews sweet flowers along our path on earth,
And leads to the home of the good and the just.

It casts o'er the family the sunshine of peace,
Causing all hatred and malice to cease.
It binds individuals together as friends ;
To its unlimited power there is no end.
Society is formed through the influence of love,
Admitting it a power that comes from above ;
And thus we accept the appellation of brother,
Because we're commanded to love one another.

And when we are done with the battles of life,
Conquered the last enemy and finished the strife,
If full of that love to both God and mankind,
These eternal joys in heaven we'll find.
That love that controlled us while here we stay,
With kind, loving hands will lay us away ;
It will strew our graves with memory's flowers,
While our souls will dwell in heaven's bowers.

EXPECTATION.

THE less we expect of this uncertain world,
The less of its evils we'll see unfurled.
By not expecting too much from what we do,
The less we will think that man is untrue.

Expecting much of our fellow-man,
Whether spiritual help, or temporal demands;
We are disappointed, we our losses bewail;
In trusting in man our purposes fail.

Sometimes in the future there appears to our view,
An oasis of beauty like the rainbow in hue;
But as we approach it, we are filled with despair,
To find, like a bubble it's burst in the air.

Expecting great things fills us with cheer,
As the flattering prospects of the future we hear;
But as we press forward those treasures to find;
We find they existed only in the mind.

We are surrounded by the failures of earth,
Subject to disappointments from the date of our birth;
Our expectations can not always prove true,
For we are subject to losses in all that we do.

There's a source of enjoyment we can always trust—
The promises of God to the good and just;
Our expectations in this will always prove true,
If we only obey what he tells us to do.

We then can know, when the cross is laid down,
That we can wear the conqueror's crown ;
Be welcomed then to a seat on God's throne,
Amid uncertainty no longer to roam.

SUCCESS.

DON'T wait for others to tunnel the hill,
Opening the way for you your station to fill ;
But with a spirit to will, to dare and to do,
Prepare the way, your object pursue ;
Remember, success attends those in life,
Who dare to lead in all that is right.

'Tis better to learn self-reliance when young,
Than to wait till the hours of want have come ;
And float idly down the stream of despair,
With nothing to do and nothing to dare.
If your ship won't enable you the deeps to explore,
Success is awaiting you nearer the shore.

Success is found in all stations in life,
But is never obtained without a strife.
Be candid, be honest, in your calling pure,
If right be your watchword, success is sure.
May the crown of success rest on thy brow,
When called to leave us and to the monster bow.

ALONE IN THE DARKNESS.

I'M alone amid the darkness,
And the world is hid from sight;
My thoughts I write on parchment,
Sweet visions of the night.
Like a sightless one deserted,
The uncertain way I pass;
But the day will lift the curtains,
I'll behold the light at last.

I'm alone amid temptations,
In a world that's full of sin;
But He who formed creation,
Fills with peace my soul within.
He will guide me like a shepherd
In the way the fathers trod;
Delivering captives from their fetters,
And preparing souls for God.

I'm alone amid the darkness
And uncertainties of life;
While the battle increases in sharpness,
In the holy war for right.
I hear a sweet voice saying,
"You could never enjoy peace,
If allowed to cease your praying,
And let the struggle cease."

MARY.

MARY, a name of Holy Writ,
Made sacred in Jesus' day;
Honored and praised by angels and men;
"Thou blessed of women," they say.
Name ever dear through all the earth,
In every land and clime,
Because of its station in life and birth,
To him who reigns sublime.

Mary, a maid of Judea's plains,
The mother of Jesus became;
Was visited by angels, worshiped by men,
In starting his glorious reign.
Mary, to whom Elizabeth said:
"Blessed among women to be,
And blessed is she that believeth,
For there shall a preference be."

Mary and Martha, two sisters we see,
With Lazarus, a brother, of Bethany;
In this Christian home they're a happy three,
With Jesus, their friend, for company.
When of much serving Martha complains,
Jesus, her Master, has to explain:
"Martha, dear Martha, why of trouble complain?
Mary, thy sister, the blessing's obtained."

There's Mary of Magdala,
Once an outcast we see ;
Until she received the healing touch
From Jesus of Galilee.
With that faith, hope, and courage
That's connected with her name,
Her case is made historic,
Her malady is slain.

We see Mary with the ointment
Of a precious, costly hue,
Anointing the blessed Master's feet,
As all that she could do.
This made the name more sacred,
To be told near and far,
How she bathed the Master's feet
With tears, and wiped them with her hair.

In the end of the Sabbath,
As it began to dawn,
The Marys bring the spices,
That they the body might embalm.
Filled with fear, their hearts are sad,
The empty grave they see ;
Astonished to know what to do,
Or where their Lord could be.

Mary was chosen by the Lord,
The first glad news to bear ;
That Jesus was risen from the dead,
And thus her heart did cheer.
Mary was commissioned by the Lord
To bring the disciples word,
That he had risen from the dead,
And would now fulfill his word.

And so the name of Mary
In sacred places we see.
My mother's name was Mary,
Which makes it dearer to me.
Although she has been dead
For thirty-two years or more,
The precious name of Mary
Is as dear as ever before.

My oldest child is Mary,
A daughter kind and true ;
A follower of her blessed Lord,
With the other Marys too.
Oh, may she never stain the name,
But to her trust prove true,
That she may conquer the ills of time,
And reign with Jesus too.

The world is full of Marys,
And will be to the end;
Among them true disciples,
The blessed Master's friends.
The name will lose none of its charms,
To mothers and daughters given,
But grow in favor all the time,
Till needed no more in heaven.

CONTENTMENT.

IF we'd be contented with station and lot,
Life would be robbed of many a dark blot;
In our greed for gain, new treasures to find;
We glean amid sorrows, leaving pleasures behind.

Sweet clusters of contentment are thrown away,
To gather thorns from sorrow found on life's way.
Why grieve after pleasures not ours to possess,
Which only fill us with a spirit of unrest?

Contentment's a jewel which but few ever find;
It seems not to belong to the race of mankind;
And yet was intended by the Giver of all good,
That we should possess it if we'd do as we should.

It matters not how lowly in station you be,
Contentment's a fountain of pleasure to thee;
It will rob suffering of much of its sting,
To the humble of earth true pleasure it brings.

BEAUTIFUL FACES.

BEAUTIFUL faces are those that win,
They do not wear the marks of sin ;
An honest, frank and open look,
Is one of nature's truest books.

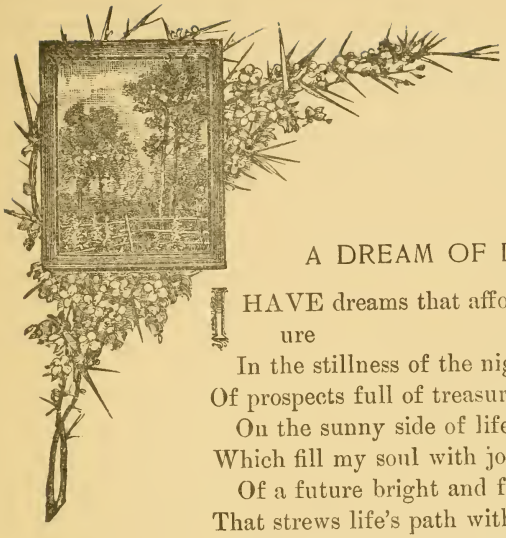
Beautiful eyes are those that are true ;
It matters not whether black or blue ;
Windows of the inmost soul,
Revealing things that were never told.

Beautiful lips that wear a smile,
Sweet and innocent as a child ;
Whose utterance is like songs of birds,
Yet whose expressions prudence girds.

Beautiful brows are those that wear
Ceaseless burdens of honest care ;
It matters not whether brown or fair,
If the sunshine of peace is there.

Brilliant thoughts are seen in the face,
As we the beautiful expressions trace ;
On which Time writes with a ready pen,
The condition of life from beginning to end.

Beautiful forms can only fill space,
And are easily spoiled by a horrid face ;
A beautiful face is a thing sublime,
It's an open book of a quiet mind.



A DREAM OF LIFE.

I HAVE dreams that afford me pleasure
In the stillness of the night;
Of prospects full of treasures,
On the sunny side of life;
Which fill my soul with joy
Of a future bright and fair,
That strews life's path with roses,
Refreshing as morning air.

I have visions of a paradise
Beyond this world of sin,
Where we're free from pain and sorrow,
If we but the victory win;
Where there is no evil influence
To move the heart with fears;
Where our joys will be eternal
Through the everlasting years.

Where no death invades our presence,
Nor sorrow shadows cast;
Where the way is strewn with sunshine,
Over which we have to pass;
Where the sun goes down, no, never,
And no cloud is seen above;
And the stars smile sweet and tender,
As if filled with joy and love.

Where life is free from bondage,
No longer bound by art;
Where our deeds and noble emotions
Are the promptings of the heart.
Where our labors are rewarded
For what they may be worth;
Where the measure is that of heaven,
And not the cheats of earth.

I have dreams so full of joy,
I dread the break of day,
Which deprives me of my prospects,
And takes my joys away.
Bringing the day with its labors,
As I the faithful vigil keep;
While climbing the hill of success,
Which seems so high and steep.

I'm oft cumbered with the burdens
That duty on me binds,
Which fill with gloom and sadness,
An overburdened mind.
While life quickly passes by me,
Seeming only but a span ;
Yet I'm blest with all the privileges
That's allotted unto man.

Why then stop to waste with trifles
This narrow span of time,
While my spirit reaches forward
To things grander and sublime.
I will imitate the noble
Who have struggled on before,
As they met their task with bravery,
Driving hunger from the door.

I have dreams and aspirations
To which I fondly cling,
That bind me to possessions
That some day I will win ;
And associations better than
This earth alone affords,
With the men of wealth and leisure,
Kings, potentates and lords.

The hill of fame rises before me
In the stillness of the night;
Like an oasis in the desert,
It is constantly in sight.
From the rivers and the valleys
Which are seen at every glance,
Opens up a field of success,
Giving every man a chance.

The ocean with its commerce,
Driven by steam and sail;
Where the banners of all nations
Are floating in the gale;
On prairies where the plowman
Is turning up the sod,
Where the sower scatters seed
Furnished him by Nature's God.

In the push and rush of business,
I'm troubled with much care,
To keep my vessel moving
Along fortune's thoroughfare.
Along all the lanes of fortune,
Much wickedness is seen;
In all the professions of life,
There is always some that's mean.

Deprived of all the honor
And good that life does crave;
Is the lot of such a being
Any better than a slave?
Honor may thus be thwarted,
Virtue may thus be chained;
Money becomes the mighty power
When it's anything for gain.

How few by honest efforts,
Their millions have obtained;
And when they do possess them,
How long will they remain?
If those who do possess them,
By inheritance or chance,
Would use them as they should,
They would their happiness enhance.

I would rather be a Christian,
In the tender Shepherd's fold,
Than to have the silver of Peru,
And all the mines of gold.
I could then present true manhood,
And possess the better part;
Assist in all that's just and good,
Prompted by an honest heart.

I would be a help to my fellow-man
By doing what is right;
I could climb the hill of usefulness
With a crown of life in sight;
I would let no others pass me,
Nor push me to one side;
Nor sink my little vessel
Beneath their foaming, turbid tide.

With strength for every effort,
With a true and steady aim,
I would plant my banner high
Upon the pinnacle of fame.
While I sought out words of wisdom
For those who to me cling;
While preparing them for heaven,
That with angels they might sing.

I have dreams so true and perfect
So real do they seem,
So sweet, and so refreshing,
'Tis like floating down a stream.
Thus life is made more pleasant,
With music it does ring;
Its paths are strewn with flowers,
Like the balmy days of spring.

All its clouds are radiant,
Lined with silver as it seems;
And time is made so pleasant,
It passes like a dream.
Its pleasures rise like mountains,
Whose summits reach the sky;
Beyond its bright blue curtains,
To where our treasures lie;

Where there's nothing to cause anguish,
Or fill us with regret;
Where we rest from all our labors,
And our sorrows we'll forget;
Where we'll hear no more of dying,
And the moan upon the air;
Where our skies will all be cloudless,
And our spirits have no care.

SUNSET.

BEHOLD the beauty at the close of day,
As the sun is sinking in the golden west;
It reflects its beauty in brilliant array,
In clothing all nature in bright-tinted dress.
Her deep yellow curtains covering the sky,
Reflecting on the earth its golden hue;
As the shadow of night draweth nigh,
When we the glorious sunset view.

Arrayed in its glory, it sweeps the west ;
In all of its splendor it passes away ;
And brightens all nature as it sinks to rest,
To cease from the travels of another day.
Telling us another day from us has passed ;
Calling the laborer home for the night,
To rest from his toil, relieved from his task,
As the glorious God of day sinks from sight.

We see the glory of God in its ways,
As he divides off time, so accurate and true,
With this fixed period between night and day.
To-morrow's journey as we pursue,
It will pass over us from east to west,
Observing the time so perfect and true ;
When again it will set, giving nature a rest,
Bidding us good-day as it passes from view.

Useful and beautiful orb of light,
Illuminating the world, banishing night ;
Without which the eye would be deprived of sight,
And time would be one eternal night.
You reveal in your order that being of love,
Keeping him before us and always in mind ;
Teaching without language that God rules above,
And the day is appointed for the sunset of time.

MEMORY.

IN memory's wonderful book we find
All the thoughts and doings of time;
Standing before memory's faithful glass,
We see the wonderful record of the past.
To the power of memory there is no end;
Our sorrow and joy together it blends.

"Sacred to the memory," marks the graves
Of many dear ones of former days;
While their mortal remains sleep in the dust,
Faithful memory keeps them ever with us.
By faith we see them living again,
When Jesus comes with his saints to reign.

While we go back by memory's sway,
To the silent tomb where Jesus lay;
We see the angels come and roll away
The stone that hides the eternal day.
We see them with banners unfurled,
Taking possession of the better world.

When the human family are all called home,
And assemble before God upon his throne,
The book that's dreaded most of all there,
Is the book of memory being filled here.
Wonderful book! that we make as we go,
For in it is recorded all that we know.

Dear friends may leave me and go far away,
In memory they're with me and continually stay;
With memory I embrace them and sweet converse hold,
Spending pleasant moments with them as in days of old.
With memory I can greet them as I have done before,
As day by day they come and knock at memory's door.

ENERGY.

ENERGY is a principle we need,
In all our undertakings, if we would succeed—
A thought, or a purpose, acts of the mind,
Will never do anything without energy combined;
True, the sluggard a good planner may be,
But lacking energy, no fruit will you see.
Great superstructures he will never complete
By simply telling them to you when you meet.

Energy, pluck, and muscle combined,
Will conquer all obstacles in your path you find;
With a will to plan the course to pursue,
With energy execute all that you do.
No matter how difficult the duty of life,
With energy sufficient all will end right.
When you are cast down, burdened with care,
Energy will help you your pathway to clear.

Energy's the mainspring of action in life ;
Energy's a power that will win in the fight.
Energy's a power to assist in the strife,
Energy and courage to do what is right.
A man without energy will soon come to naught ;
If it were not for energy, no battles would be fought.
Energy assists in all good we obtain,
Energy helps us each victory we win.

Energy will help you your place to find,
Energy in study will fill the mind ;
Energy in business will make you thrive,
As energy and industry fill the bee-hive.
Energy in religion is just what we need ;
Energy gives shape to word, thought and deed.
So it is energy does the world fill,
As water and steam turn the mill's wheel.

Have a will that's right, a purpose that's true,
Energy sufficient to do well what you do.
Have a faith that is bright, a hope that is strong,
And energy sufficient to move things along.
The way may be rugged and strewn with briers—
Energy will be needed to help you when tired.
Temptations may try you and cause you to sin,
Energy will help you the victory to win.

THE HEAVENWARD WAY.

THERE is a way called the heavenward way,
That leads to the land of beautiful day;
Its scenes are pleasant, its paths are pure,
Yet its trials are great which the travelers endure.
Through many temptations the journey is made,
And only accomplished by those not afraid.

This beautiful way is found by but few,
As only the faithful this highway pursue;
The good of all ages this way have pursued,
Through the light of their lives its beauties are viewed.
Their words and their deeds are guides by the way,
To keep others who follow from going astray.

If we would be safe, their counsel we'd take,
And in none of the by-ways this highway forsake;
We'd shun all temptations and pleasures of sin,
Which lurk by the wayside some traveler to win.
Our eyes on the future, our journey pursue,
Keeping Jesus and heaven ever in view.

The true beauty and pleasures of life may be found;
Along this highway is where they abound.
On the fruits of the Spirit travelers are fed,
As on this highway by the Master they're led;
Their thirst is quenched from the fountain above,
As they drink from the well of redeeming love.

Their counsel and guide Jesus becomes,
Leading them on till the victory's won ;
He watches their way and shields them from harm,
Like a shepherd he carries the lambs in his arms.
He leads them on through an Eden of love,
Till he lands them safe in mansions above.

When to the end of their journey they come,
With all of their trials and labors done ;
A crown of rejoicing he has prepared,
For all who with patience his suffering has shared.
A welcome applaudit the faithful will hear,
" Enter my joys, my glory to share."

A PICTURE OF LIFE.

NOTHING but pleasure in childhood's hours,
In barefooted glee, happy and free ;
Romping in the fields gathering flowers,
Free from all cares, happy were we.
The innocent look and smile would charm,
Amid those joys of childhood's glee ;
The fond embrace of parental arms,
The safe retreat to which we'd flee.

Nothing but mirth in boyhood's days,
Full of glee we traveled the earth;
As life flowed on in its ever smooth way.
We gathered at night around the hearth,
Where we talked of the chase and sport of the day,
And laid our plans for manhood's days,
As if with such scenes we could always stay,
Not knowing such pleasures would pass away.

Nothing but toil in manhood's years,
As we climb the mountain of honor and fame;
Cumbered with sorrow, freighted with cares,
For a place at the top to register our names.
We lean on the arms of friends that are near,
We make a last effort for the pinnacle of fame;
While others who watch us our efforts cheer.
Alas, when we reach it, it's only a name!

Nothing but tears as life draws to a close,
As we wind our way with feeble steps down.
Man as a pilgrim to his final rest goes,
Leaving his name to his friends on the tomb;
With sorrowing voices we bid him good-by,
Man like the swan floats down the stream,
While kind, loving hands wipe tears from the eye;
The joys of youth have passed like a dream.

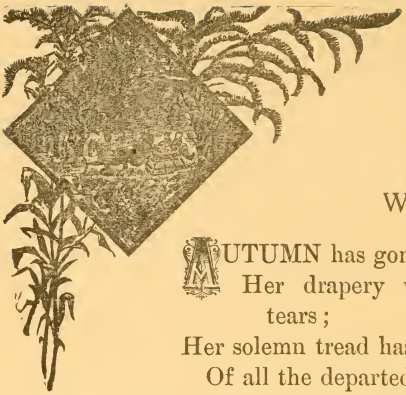
Nothing but hope when life's at an end,
The eye of faith seeing the beautiful shore;
As we stand at the grave, the destiny of man,
With ministering spirits calling us o'er.
The night of death may our minds annoy,
But Jesus will soothe the last parting breath;
With hope as an anchor, the grave can't destroy;
Though strangers may be our assistance in death.

MY HERO.

IN ripe old age or youth,
Give me lips that speak the truth;
Eyes that look straight into mine,
From a pure and spotless mind.

With a courage that leads to the field of toil,
Aiding all, both great and small;
Not content with what's been done,
Knowing no rest till the victory's won.

Who, when duty calls, may always be seen;
But is never found stooping to anything mean.
For the depressed he has a kind word;
On the side of truth his voice may be heard.



WINTER.

AUTUMN has gone with all her smiles,
Her drapery wet with Summer's tears;
Her solemn tread has followed the path
Of all the departed years.
With all her purple robes she came,
Tinted all o'er with gold;
Winter has soiled her beautiful dress,
Now wrinkled and torn in every fold.

With her harvest of blessings to every man,
She appeared in nature's door;
Dispensing her bounties far and wide,
Winter finds her old and poor.
His wild winds swept her curtains away,
Her golden tint disappears;
All chilled and cold she sinks to rest
At the close of another year.

Behind her Time shuts his iron gate,
On top of the snow-capped hills;
We see through the frost, King Winter set
With figure cold and chill.

Cold and haggard, Autumn fell asleep
In the lap of Winter's night;
With the seal of death upon her face,
She passes from our sight.

The silvery wavelets at the King's command,
Reflect in the sunlight no more;
They hide their smiles under curtains of ice,
That spans from shore to shore.
The bleak, cold winds from the icebergs come,
Sinking all nature to rest;
As she folds in her arms the vegetable world,
In her snow-white sheet of death.

The beauties of nature are hid from our sight,
As they now lie covered with frost and ice;
No longer the warble of the songster we hear,
Nature seems hushed in Winter's night.
The leafless forests seem desolate now,
With no sweet music to greet the ear;
The shouts of the woodman, the hunter's horn,
The moan of the wind is, are all we hear.

The songs of the school-boy, merry and free,
Drive much of Winter's gloom away;
The ring of the sleigh-bells, the sport on the ice,
Is winter amusement by night or day.
Her sorrows or pleasures can't always last,
There's an end to all things here below;
Spring has asserted her right to the field,
Freeing the earth from ice and snow.

BUDS OF HOPE.

THROUGH all the bright and joyful days,
Amid prattling tongues and rosy cheeks,
Home rings with music—children at play,
In blind man's buff, or hide and go seek.
As they sip the sweets of childhood's joys,
Don't let them annoy, nor your spirits provoke;
As they chatter and play with marbles and toys,
Deal with them kindly—sweet buds of hope.

Baby housewives, busy at play,
With furniture, toys, cook-stoves and chairs;
Boys as husbandmen, spending the day,
Mimicking others of riper years.
Houses are built, great castles are planned,
With no thought of failure or promises broke;
All to be realized when women and men:
Bright is the prospect of our buds of hope.

Great ships they sail in a miniature sea;
Railroads are built, cities are planned.
As teachers and scholars they're busy as bees;
There's nothing too great for brave little hands.
The dashing cavalier astride his steed,
Rides proudly away o'er beautiful lawns;
On his prancing steed, so full of tricks,
Playing soldier in life's early dawn.

A future generation in these buds we see.
As in Church and State they take their stand,
We shudder to think what it will be :
An honor to God, or a curse to man.
Mothers and fathers they soon will be ;
May they be shielded from the evils of crime,
As they float along on life's troubled sea,
While their locks are whitening with the frosts of time.

POWER OF THE MIND.

WONDERFUL mind! much like space,
Reaching here and there and every place ;
Exploring the sky and diving the sea,
Studying objects the eye can't see.
Penetrating the bowels of Mother Earth,
Going back to Creation's wonderful birth.

In its wonderful flights we are carried away,
To the realms of the eternal day.
On the wings of its powers we can explore
The beauties of the eternal shore ;
Painting the beauty of the sunlight of love,
Holding sweet converse with those above.

When this temple of clay in which mind is a guest,
Has mouldered back to its mother dust,
Mind will dwell with God in the sky,
For memory's a principle that never dies.
Wonderful mind! mysterious machine!
Thou art real, yet can not be seen.

THE PAST.

LET the dead past be put far away ;
Begin life anew each coming day.
In whatever course you may pursue,
Let the future find you tried and true.

Don't trifle with a misspent past,
Nor shrink from duty as if a task ;
To-day is ours, yesterday has gone
Into eternity, right or wrong.

Let the future be filled with higher aims,
If our object in life we would attain ;
Honest and upright endeavors
Will fill our lives with heavenly treasures.

The past may have been thrown away,
Filling us with sorrow by night and day ;
But remember, the present is all yours,
In which to gather golden stores.

The past is full of instructive lessons ;
If properly used, will prove a blessing.
To-day is freighted with precious treasures,
Which the Master gives with unstinted measure.

Yesterday is past, but oh! to-morrow,
Will it be filled with joy or sorrow?
To-day finds us running life's race;
To-morrow may find us in death's embrace.

The past has become a matter of history;
The future may seem to us a mystery.
The present is ours, with duty to fill
Every step of life's rugged hill.

Too weak to see to the end of the way,
The past should teach us day by day;
Wise are we if instructed we be,
Profiting by what we hear and see.

The present then is the time to sow,
That which we'd have in eternity grow.
Let your efforts be to win the prize
That lies beyond the vaulted skies.

SORROW'S PATH.

IN youth's sunny hours
I traveled life's smooth road,
Strewn with bright flowers,
Free from trouble and anxious care;
From trials I did not borrow,
All those bright and happy years;
I was free from care and sorrow,
And had no thought of tears.

But when I grew to manhood,
Which brought life's solemn duty ;
I found the evil mixed with good,
And all its flowers not beauty.
Three precious buds were given me,
Which promised lovely flowers :
Johnnie, Bennie and Minnie—
Death destroyed them in an hour.

Deprived of these sweet buds of hope,
Prospects of bright flowers ;
Filled with grief, hearts almost broke,
We traveled the path of sorrow.
Home was blest with other buds,
Which brought forth sweet flowers,
That helped to gladden us
In life's long, weary hours.

As they grew to mature years,
Objects of care by night and day ;
They filled us full of anxious fears,
From us they'd soon be taken away.
Others would claim them for their own,
Those flowers they would come to borrow ;
From us they're taken one by one,
Leaving us to dwell alone in sorrow.

My wife, in youth a precious flower,
Queen of home, while here we stay ;
Which I plucked from nature's bower,
Will soon become aged and gray,
By reason of toil and anxious cares;
Watching over our garden by night and day,
Through all those weary months and years,
As she travels along life's highway.

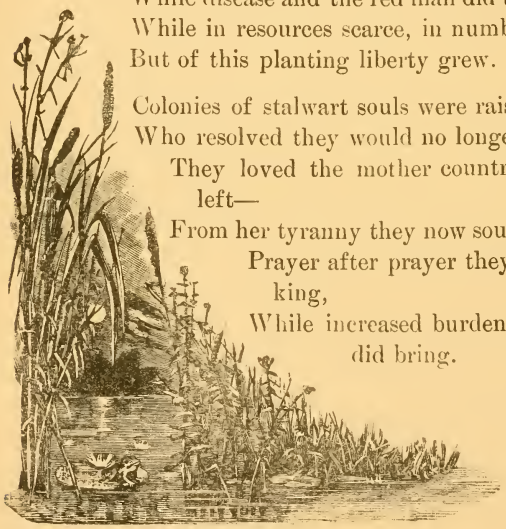
She who was once so blithe and free,
Full of life, always gay,
Now is fading, all can see;
She, too, from me will pass away.
What then will life's pathway be ?
Future trouble I should not borrow ;
Through that cloud I can not see,
But will be resigned to present sorrow.

The world extends an empty hand,
Cold and rigid with deceit;
Filled with the ingratitude of man ;
In all our travels this we meet.
When full of trouble, with duty pressed,
They're ready always to devour ;
And practice the deception they possess,
And thus increase our load of sorrow.

LIBERTY.

THE historic Mayflower crosses the sea,
Bearing on board the germ of liberty;
She makes her landing at Plymouth Rock,
Where she unloads her brave little flock,
Composed of material of which martyrs are made—
With such the foundation of liberty was made.

Amid untold hardships by night and by day,
For near two hundred years they worked away,
Subduing the forests, turning them into farms,
While disease and the red man did them alarm;
While in resources scarce, in numbers few,
But of this planting liberty grew.



Colonies of stalwart souls were raised,
Who resolved they would no longer be slaves.
They loved the mother country they had left—
From her tyranny they now sought to 'reft.
Prayer after prayer they sent to the king,
While increased burdens the answer did bring.

Till thirteen in number they proudly stand,
Raising their protest as the voice of one man;
With a Henry pleading in Liberty's name:
"On the plains of Boston they're forging our chains;
If my speech is treason, do your best;
We demand liberty, or we welcome death."

This fired the hearts of the true and brave,
Who broke the fetters that bound them slaves.
A ship! a sail! a splash in the sea,
And the issue is made with the king and his tea;
The sound of reveille by the muttering drum,
Tells the patriots that the struggle's begun.

The sound of alarm—a midnight ride,
The brave Putnam is ready, Briton's defied;
They patiently wait on Lexington's plain,
Where the first blood is spilt in Liberty's name.
They reserved their fire till the proper time,
In drawing the first blood from the English Lion.

A resolution is presented to Congress assembled,
Which causes the cheeks to grow pale and hearts to tremble;
With a Lee and an Adams and others to plead,
A sufficient number is finally agreed.
This paper, the most wonderful production of time,
Apparently dictated by a divine mind.

A bell was forged in an English mint,
And to the Colonies by England sent ;
The bell was lettered by its maker's hand,
And tolled to ring Liberty throughout the land.
It did valiant service in the bell-ringer's hand,
As its notes pealed forth Liberty throughout the land.

A flag is adopted of red, white and blue,
Fit emblem to wave o'er the tried and the true ;
With but thirteen stars at the nation's birth,
It was finally respected by all nations of earth.
All nations honor the red, white and blue,
While other stars have been added as the nation grew.

France, the first nation to admit her claim,
And from her shores brave defenders came,
While Lafayette stood as counsel and guide,
Like a brother, by our Washington's side ;
They spilled their blood on America's plains,
At the battle of Monmouth DeKalb was slain.

A winter of suffering at Valley Forge
Increased the hopes of the English lords,
Until Washington, at Trenton, a victory won,
Which lifted the curtain from Liberty's sun.
Burgoyne surrenders to the gallant Gates,
Which began to seal the English fate.

When at last, at Yorktown Cornwallis is penned,
Whose surrender brings the struggle to an end ;
Washington has conquered, the victory's won,
By the first free republic under the sun.
A President is wanted, who shall it be?
Washington, the man that set us free!

This declaration passed on the Fourth of July,
Setting forth principles that were never to die,
Has gathered in influence as it passes down the age,
As each act in our history to it prestige gave ;
Vicksburg fell in the sixty-three,
Letting the Father of Waters go unvexed to the sea.

While Meade and Hancock on Gettysburg heights
Put the haughty Southern army and leaders to flight ;
Soon ended the Rebellion, so cruel in name,
Delivering the poor African from bondage and chains ;
Thus taking the shame from our foundation plea,
That all men are created equal and free.

Then celebrate the day with the banner and drum,
Remembering our greatness has just begun ;
Each year helps further progress to be made,
While those who first celebrated sleep in the grave ;
Though dead, they live and eloquently speak,
While we the faithful watch o'er Liberty keep.

A hundred years from now, and we'll all be dead,
Yet others will celebrate, and repeat what we've said;
The flag that we carry will be their flag too,
Because of the prophetic eagle, and red, white and blue;
To the Constitution be loyal, to your colors true,
And ever defend the red, white and blue.

TO FRANCES.

I THINK of thee when the morn I greet,
When I awake from slumbers sweet;
Your image greets me with the morning's ray—
Memories of a loved one far away;
Refreshing to the mind as the morning dew,
Are the thoughts, dear one, I have of you.

And at midday, with the sun above,
Flooding the world with rays of love;
With flowers nodding to the breezes free,
And sweet songsters warbling in every tree;
While studying the beauty of nature so true,
I'm reminded, beloved, continually of you.

When the earth is bathed in soft twilight,
As the day recedes before the night;
When all nature's reposing in quiet rest,
Amid the last ray of light in the golden west;
When no longer the beauties of earth I see,
In the silent night I think of thee.

When to distant fields I'm called away,
Surrounded with duties and toils of the day ;
The way would be dark, its pleasures be few,
Were it not for an image constantly in view,
Which buoys me up and makes me free ;
That picture I see when thinking of thee.

That image presenting those eyes so bright,
More brilliant than the stars by night ;
With tresses waving in the breezes fair ;
Presenting both form and beauty rare ;
Thy head possessing a mind so true,
As such I love to think of you.

As down life's pathway I travel along,
Amid the rush and push of the busy throng ;
Or in the silent hours as I sit alone,
Shut out from all the joys of home ;
In all the good I know and joys I see,
My mind continually returns to thee.

* * *

I KNOW there is no Error
In the grand, supernal plan ;
And all things work together
For the final good of man.
And I know, when my soul speeds upward,
In its grand, eternal quest,
I shall cry, as I look back earthward,
"Whatever is, is best."

THE RIVER OF DEATH BUT A BROOK.

I STAND on the banks of the turbulent stream,
And measure the distance—like an ocean it seems;
Its waters seem chilly, its channel is deep,
While shadows of fear over me creep.

I sometimes shudder to think I must die;
In a dark, narrow grave alone I must lie.
Of death's rapid river, I shrink as I feel
Its cold, chilly waters over me steal.

They say on the banks of that evergreen shore,
A pilot is waiting to conduct me o'er;
Who will guide and assist with his own hand,
Till he lands me safe in that beautiful land.

The current may be swift, the stream may be wide;
If Jesus assists me, I dread not its tide
Many have crossed it who've passed on before,
And now sweetly rest on that peaceful shore.

When I am summoned, I'm ready to go;
I know its dark waters can not me o'erflow.
When once started my journey to take
They say I can step it. Its naught but a brook.

THE GATE AJAR.

A GATE ajar by faith I see,
That's opened wide for you and me;
When done with time and all its toils,
We'll enter when the Master calls.

"Fly wide ye gates," the King did say,
In "opening up the living way,"
"And let the King of glory in,"
With all the ransomed that he brings.

The command was heard, the gates fly wide
To admit the Savior crucified.
His blood applied, our sins atoned,
He now is seated on his throne.

On the wings of faith we soar away
Through the gate where Jesus stays;
We lay the cross and suffering down,
While from his hands we take the crown.

Through that gate the ransomed go,
When they're done with all below;
In his presence there we'll meet
To worship at a Savior's feet.

Once inside the golden gate
There our joys we can relate,
While those outside, oh, fearful state,
Will receive the sinner's fate.

Those he came to seek and save,
He will ransom from the grave,
And kindly lead them by the hand,
Through the gate to the promised land;

To a seat upon his throne,
Where the Father will us own.
Oh, hasten then, before too late,
To make your entrance through the gate.

DECEPTION.

IT comes to you full of flattery and smiles,
Under the garb of a friend;
Into its paths it would you beguile,
Which always in ruin does end.
A cluster of flowers to you it presents,
While the asp is hid in its leaves;
You're easily deceived—no evil is meant,
Its design is always to please.

The tempter used it in the fall of man,
In deceiving our mother Eve.
By its influence, sin entered the world,
Compelling man his Eden to leave.
Its effects are scattered all over the earth,
Found in all the walks of life;
Bothering man from the day of his birth,
Filling the world with sin and strife.

You select a friend to stand by your side,
As on the voyage of life you sail;
In whom you confide as counsel and guide,
And never once think he will fail.
Remember it's said, 'tis human to err,
Deception's abroad in the land;
Be careful on the journey, before you go far,
Whom you hold by the hand.

Many in life upon whom you depend,
When troubled with sorrow and care,
Who only have the disguise of a friend–
From such you had better keep clear.
Such company in life 'tis best to avoid,
If all of its failures we'd miss;
Remember that Judas betrayed his Lord,
By the token of a friendly kiss.

INTERMINGLED.

HOPE and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together like sunshine and rain;
And the smiles and the tears and the songs and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

MAN.

MAN is a mysterious and mighty machine,
The most wonderful work of the Creator's hand;
Formed and fashioned in the image of God,
Given dominion and power over the land,
The fishes of the sea and the fowls of the air;
Commanded to subdue and replenish the earth,
To earn his bread by the sweat of his brow,
Doomed to toil from the date of his birth.

His body a house formed by God's hand,
Which he created out of the clay:
This earthly house where the spirit dwells,
By death is destroyed and molders away.
The spirit returns to him who gave it,
The body back to its mother dust;
One common destiny appointed to man,
No distinction between the evil and just.

Man! Wonderful being, offspring of God,
Mentally, morally and spiritually true:
Possessing this supremacy over the beast,
In this God is seen in all that we do.
Mind is a part of the being called man;
Its wonderful power has never been told,
Tilling the earth, plowing the sea,
As its mighty power it daily unfolds.

His spiritual relation he lost in the fall,
Banished from God's presence, doomed to die:
In providing a Savior man to redeem,
Man is remembered, angels passed by.
God, in his mercy toward fallen man,
Exerted his goodness in providing a place
Where man could be elevated, honored again;
Such is his mercy to Adam's lost race.

The world was created for the abode of man;
The sun, moon and stars, the light of the world;
The firmament beneath, the work of God's hand,
Day after day his glory unfurls:
While we watch them in harmony move,
And see the fitness of such a wise plan,
We're filled with wonder, and made to exclaim;
Like the Israel Psalmist, we ask "What is man?"

Man, the highest order in the Creator's work,
Holding first place in the Maker's plans;
Connected with God in Redemption's plan,
In providing a home for lost, ruined man.
"Man, know thyself!" is a maxim of old,
Before in God's presence you have to stand,
Ere again the favor you lose by sin,
That you may enjoy the presence of God and the Lamb.

THE POET'S REVERIE.

THE night was dark, the sun was hid
Behind the western hills ;
The rain poured in torrents down,
Forming into little rills ;
The thunder rolled its muttering sound,
The lightning in fancy played,
While a poet sat calmly at his desk
Busily writing away.

He quietly sat and continued to work,
Wholly taken up with his task ;
Apparently unconscious of all that went on,
He would not leave his desk.
His mind seemed to ride on the wings of the storm,
Through the gathering darkness above ;
By the aid of the lightning as it flashed,
Painting pictures of those he loved.

While thus he was bending over his work,
Unceasing by night and by day,
His mind seemed to explore distant lands,
Where friends and loved ones stay ;
Soaring away in its pleasant flights
Through the trackless ether above,
Or visiting the homes of sorrow on earth,
On its mission of love.

This seemed to occupy all of his time
Among the children of men—
To gather the beauty of heaven and earth,
And arrange it in order to send.
To the afflicted of earth a package he'd send,
Containing some beautiful flowers ;
Gems of thoughts which he had arranged
While spending his leisure hours.

Thus in loneliness, away from home,
And those he loved most dear,
He worked and toiled, and struggled on
Through many weary years.
While he was absent in person from them,
A stranger and pilgrim to roam,
They had a part in his busy life,
And were the spirit of every poem.

SUNSHINE OF LIFE.

SOME live down in the valley,
Amid sadness below;
Instead of up on the mountains
Where Love's breezes blow.

Some prefer darkness
In which to spend time,
And won't open up their nature
To let the sun shine.

Why sit amid shadows,
And spend all your years
Laboring and toiling
Amid sorrow and tears?

Open up your nature,
And let the sun in;
It will warm up your life,
Besides, sweet pleasure bring.

A bright, sweet disposition
Is a treasure on earth;
One that never owned it
Can't tell what it's worth.

You can make your presence
The sunshine of home,
By taking smiles with you
Wherever you roam.

Then warm up in sunshine,
Let shadows go by;
For whatever you live in,
In that you must die.

THE CHILD OF A KING.

"I'M the child of a King,"
An heir to a throne,
In the city of my God,
When with the world I am done.
He rules the whole earth,
And reigns in the skies;
His subjects all live,
While all others die.

In a right royal palace
He lives in the sky,
Where he has many mansions
For his subjects who die.
He rides on the storm,
He walked on the sea,
To show the interest he took
In others like me.

A rebel against him,
He found me in arms;
Instead of destroying me,
He protected me from harm;
Made me a subject of
His mercy and love,
And now has in waiting
A mansion above.

He made me his armor-bearer
Of a right royal kind,
And opened my eyes,
When before I was blind.
He gave me a robe
Which his subjects all wear;
Those who won't wear it,
His honors can't share.

He made me subject to a cross,
With the promise of a crown,
When the battle I had fought
And the cross was laid down.
When I've served through the war,
And the campaign is done,
He'll take me to his mansion,
To live as a son.

ALONE WITH THE LORD.

ALONE with the Lord in Eden's bowers,
Adam spent many happy hours;
Until a companion he finally took,
Causing him to sin, when the Lord he forsook.
Then they dwelt in sorrow alone,
Till God made provision their sins to atone.

Noah's family in the ark did ride,
Alone with the Lord across the tide.
Abraham journeyed alone on the plains
Alone with the Lord who gave him his name;
He entertained strangers under the tree,
Receiving a promise of what his offspring should be.

Alone Jacob slept on the plain by night,
When in a vision he saw a beautiful sight;
A ladder extending to the city sublime,
Over which he saw the angels climb;
Alone he wrestled the angel on the plains,
Nor would yield till the blessing's obtained.

Alone the prophet by the raven was fed,
When he had already wished himself dead.
Alone with beasts Daniel passes the night,
While the King is seized with holy fright;
The man of God seems not to be alarmed;
The Lord is there to shield him from harm.

Alone Zachariah at the altar stood,
When the angel brings him news that's good—
Of a son to be given him when stricken with years,
Who would the hearts of all Israel cheer.
Alone in the wilderness the child did dwell,
Till called by the Lord his message to tell.

Alone in the wilderness the Savior was tried,
When the tempter appeared by his side ;
He relied on his Father for means to defend,
And soon the trial was brought to an end.
Alone he expired on the tree,
While purchasing pardon for you and me.

John's on the island in the sea,
Beholding the works of Redemption's plan ;
When the angel gives him the little book,
Which enables him into the future to look,
When he sees time from beginning to end,
And writes it down with a ready pen.

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THOUGH dark and heavy sorrow
Doth cast o'er me its spell,
Though grief doth hover o'er me
And dark clouds haunt my sun,
I'll keep this prayer before me:
"Master, thy will be done."

MOTHER'S GRAVE.

THE earth has sacred scenes
Upon which fond memory dwells,
Offering incidents that in
Our happy circle we tell:
Of the giant mountains and lofty plains,
Studying nature and exploring caves;
But there is no place so sacred
As dear mother's grave.

We approach the spot with
A low and breathless tread,
And stand where we're surrounded
By the city of the dead.
Where mother sweetly sleeps,
While flowers beautify the scene;
Thus nature helps us keep
Her grave ever green.

We go back in memory
To when but a child,
When the earth lost much
Of its sunshine and smiles;
When we stood with bowed heads
Under sorrow's shade,
While in the cold, narrow grave
Dear mother was laid.

From that day forward
Earth lost one of its charms;
No more could we shelter
In dear mother's arms.
A grassy mound, a marble shaft,
Now marks the place
Where we saw for the last time
Her peaceful face.

We stood beside dear mother's
Wide open grave;
We saw her conquered,
She became death's slave;
But Jesus the Master
Has power to save,
And mother shall yet stand
Beside a victor's grave.

LOVE'S PRESENCE.

THROUGH the silent shades of night,
Comes thy presence like a ray of light;
While I rest, and sweetly sleep,
Thou the faithful vigil keep.

When within my soul I feel thee,
From all sorrow I am free;
And the pleasure of thy presence
Doth my every joy enhance.

GRATITUDE.

WHEN the morning dawns in golden light,
Drawing back the dark curtains of night,
When through the mist the sunbeams break,
All nature seems in sweet music to awake ;
Filling the valley, meadows and wood,
With their sweet songs of gratitude.

Songsters are heard in hedges and lanes,
Warbling songs of praise to the Maker's name ;
Flowers unfolding their beautiful cups,
From which the bees in gratitude sup ;
While thus feasting on nature's goods,
They, too, seem filled with gratitude.

As we look out o'er the beautiful land,
Groaning under the blessings of God's hand,
The joy exhibited by this earth of ours,
Is found amid its fruits and flowers ;
Supplying all of our wants as it should,
Filling our hearts with gratitude.

The dew as it sparkles on the grass,
Refreshing the breezes as they pass,
Watering the leaves with glittering spray,
Arraying all nature so beautiful and gay,
As it welcomes the coming of another day—
" There is none so ungrateful as man," they say.

He is abundantly supplied in all the land;
Blest with the fruits of God's own hand;
Assisted by day, protected by night,
Blest with everything in which heart delights;
Yet he is frequently found in a grumbling mood,
And seems wholly lost to gratitude.

A FRIEND.

ONE of earth's brightest treasures,
That will always fill the measure,
Upon whom in want you may depend—
Such a one we call a friend.

A friend indeed, a friend in truth,
Like you find in the case of "Ruth;"
One in whom you can confide,
Finding always near your side.

One whose word you can always take,
Having nothing mean at stake;
With deception thrown away,
One whose help has come to stay.

Such a one is hard to find,
Keep this always in your mind;
When once found, don't cast away,
Expecting something better some other day.

THE MARY WASHINGTON ROSE.

IN the garden of Mount Vernon,
More than one hundred years ago,
The father of our country
Caused a beautiful rose to grow.
He gave it an honored name to wear:
The "Mary Washington Rose;"
That the name of his mother its honors
Might share, as long as it shall grow.

From early June till late in the fall,
It sends forth its lovely flowers;
So beautiful and white—emblems of peace—
Found only among Liberty's bowers.
Little did he think in this beautiful plant,
And the name it should wear,
That he'd spread his fame in all the earth,
For others with pleasure to share.

The original plant can yet be seen,
Which its world-famed master pruned;
While others of his planting have withered,
Time having written their doom.
Its snow-white flowers reflect the life
Of the chieftain of our land;
As such it is presented to the admiring world
As a blessing from his hand.

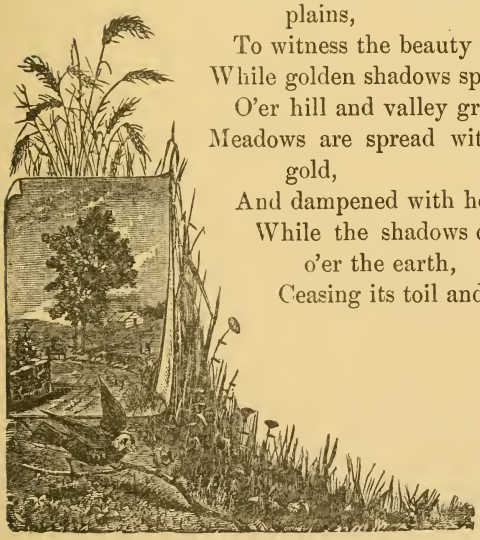
It should arch the gate and shade the door
Of every freeman's home,
To perpetuate our father's name,
Wherever liberty is known.
It should decorate with its sweet perfume
The patriot's honored grave,
Who followed him in unceasing toil,
Our blessed country to save.

WOMAN.

SURELY of sunshine thy soul was made,
Which shines more bright if viewed in the shade ;
As if your graces by God were decreed,
With you all the charms of life are agreed.
From the sweets of nature you seem to sup,
Which continually fills your useful cup.
Your presence binds one with a spell ;
In vain he tries the cause to tell.
Like the refreshing breeze, or cooling brook,
One grows happy by your kind look,
Which seems as mellow as the setting sun,
As it sinks to rest when the day is done.
Of all the blessings God gave to man,
You are the best that came from his hand.

EVENING SHADOWS.

AS the sun sinks behind the western hills,
At the close of a summer day,
It spreads its shadow over the earth,
Dressing nature in beautiful array.
Longer the shadows extend to the east,
Until hid by night's somber cloud;
All nature sinks to quiet rest,
With darkness for a shroud.



The day seems to linger on the western plains,
To witness the beauty of the scenes;
While golden shadows sport and play
O'er hill and valley green.
Meadows are spread with a carpet of gold,
And dampened with heaven's tears;
While the shadows of night settle o'er the earth,
Ceasing its toil and cares.

Time, like the day, must come to a close,
As its sun descends toward the west ;
Its shadows grow longer day by day,
Bringing the night of rest.
The traveler stands on the western hills,
As dimmer the shadows grow,
When bidding adieu to the land of shade,
As into the realms of sunshine he goes.

His life as a shadow to the east doth extend,
Until met by the light of the day ;
Christ shall appear with healing in his wings,
Driving all shadows away.
Earth's darkness vanishes at his approach,
Like dew before the sun ;
The Christian can enjoy an eternal day,
When life's evening shadows are done.

SUMMER IN THE HEART.

AMID the frost and winters of time,
Pierced with sorrow like fiery darts,
If the peace of Christ within us dwell,
There is light and summer in the heart.
Though days of affliction may press you sore,
And death may cause you from friends to part,
With the hope of heaven securely fixed,
The sunshine of glory will be summer in the heart.

PROVIDENCE.

IN filling the world with beings of life,
For all of their wants Providence provides ;
Over the ocean the Creator presides,
As seen in the ebb and flow of the tide.

The land's full of animal and vegetable life,
Their numerous wants are richly supplied ;
Year after year as time passes by,
They're nourished and cherished, or else they would die.

The vegetable kingdom God waters from heaven,
With rain that ascended as mist and spray ;
Returning again in dews and showers,
Watering the earth from day to day.

Seed-time and harvest return each year,
Strewing the earth with fruit and flowers.
Earthly blessings from Providence flow,
In clusters of good from heaven's bowers.

The earth with food is furnished,
Which nature so strongly demands ;
All of its movements by night and day
Are guided by an unseen hand.

The birds of the air neither sow nor reap,
Yet their wants are daily filled ;
The flowers of the field in splendor grow,
Scattering beauty o'er vale and hill.

The cunning ant and the busy bee
Draw their supplies from nature's fields;
Traveling the same route o'er and o'er,
Gathering up from her abundant yield.

Nature teems with blessings to man,
On which to draw for daily supplies;
Unwasting fullness at his command,
From which his needs are satisfied.

When his days on earth come to a close,
And from time he is called away;
No more to toil, no more to weep,
But to enter the joys of an endless day.

A city of refuge God has prepared,
Where spiritual food abundantly grows;
Into which man can enter and stay,
By obedience to Jesus here below.

STEP BY STEP.

IN the grand procession of time,
Step by step in one solid line;
Man in his march to eternity goes,
Like a river down its channel flows.
Step by step as onward we go,
As the day advances our steps grow slow;
Yet onward and upward toward the prize,
A crown of glory in the skies.

UNSEEN BEAUTY.

MANY a flower in the desert blooms,
Whose beauty is unseen ;
It sends its sweetness on the balmy air,
Floating o'er the green.
Like many a smile in silence sent,
For friends that are not there ;
When hearts together in unison beat,
Their joys each other share.

Many a hero has died without fame,
Perishing on life's silent plain,
For want of the privilege to show his deeds,
There being nothing to develop his name.
Many great minds to the world have been lost,
That time will never know ;
For want of the occasion to develop the talent,
Their powers they could not show.

Great lives have been lost on the ocean,
As they made the voyage of time ;
When all they wanted was the occasion,
When to the top of the ladder they'd climb.
As nature's brightest flowers are in the desert,
So her greatest deeds are unknown ;
Time has failed with many,
The privilege their worth to show

EVENING SONGS.

THE lark, as he soars up toward the clouds,
Raises his voice higher, which fills the air
In grateful praise to his Maker's name.
With the music he breathes a prayer.
Higher and higher he moves on the wind,
As if near to the throne his praise he would bring.
Sometimes he hides behind the clouds,
While his joyous song he continues to sing.

The mocking-bird, the mimic of others,
Searches the grove for the highest limb ;
And takes his station as king of birds,
When he'll mock them all in singing his hymn.
He appears to enjoy the sport and fun,
As louder and higher his notes he'll raise ;
One would suppose it was all for spite,
Yet it's his music in an evening hymn.

The turtle-dove, that devoted bird,
Dolefully like the widows mourn ;
And wafts its music through the trees,
Like one distressed and left alone.
Its soft, low sounds startle the ear ;
Emotions of sadness frequently come,
As we listen to her at the close of the day,
Cooing her praise in an evening song.

The whippoorwill, through the summer night,
While all nature is in silent sleep,
As time rolls on from year to year,
True to his purpose his custom keeps.
Through the soft and balmy air,
His peculiar song you continually hear ;
As if to drive monotony from the night,
Or the lonely wanderer he would cheer.

The dusty laborer returns to his home,
When the task of the day is done ;
Honest toil may have darkened his brow,
But his heart is light while a song he hums.
He thanks his Maker for another day,
While to dear ones its fruit he brings ;
He sweetens labor and lightens his task,
Which is heard in the notes of his hymn.

The mother who toils from morning till night,
In her routine of duty, day after day,
When the rest have retired to sweet, peaceful sleep,
Garments all packed and put snugly away,
Will perform the last act of parental duty,
If the baby should fret and cry ;
She'll praise her Maker at the close of the day,
By rocking it to sleep with a sweet lullaby.

THE IMPORTANCE OF LIFE.

LIFE is important, real and sublime,
Too much so to be wasted or thrown away;
Some fret and worry the whole journey through,
And lose all its sweets on troubles by the way.
The few fleeting moments allotted us here,
Are all too short to be trifled away;
There is enough that is good in life's busy way,
To keep us busy by night and day.

Failures are found in all callings in life,
From mole-hills at first to mountains they grow;
This could not be so, were it not for man,
Who is finding little things wherever he goes.
The wee little acorn produces the great oak,
The smallest pebble will ruffle the sea;
A small little leak will sink the great ship,
The work of a worm as he bored in the tree.

Habits are trifles picked up by the road,
Which may work wonders in your life or mine;
Which if passed by unnoticed will increase as we go,
And prove our ruin in the wind-up of time.
A thought, act, or an unguarded word,
Like scattering seed in rich, mellow ground,
Unnoticed by us till it begins to grow,
Freighted with evil the harvest is found.

Why cumber our happiness with the follies of time,
Or trifle with mercy on the brink of the tomb ;
Sporting in pleasure, reveling in mirth,
Until death, which is real, settles our doom.
Man will tamper and change God's word,
Work great problems on opinion's false slate
Seeing no danger until called on to die,
Then to his grief he finds it's too late.

THE BLIND MAN'S SOLILOQUY.

DICTATED WHEN BLIND.

ONCE I was cheerful and jovial in mind,
Now I am wretched, weary and blind ;
Then I could all the beauties of nature behold,
Now all I learn is what I am told.
Friends are all around me who seem very kind,
Yet I can't see them because I am blind.

They say all nature with beauty is clad,
To know I can't see it, makes my heart sad.
The sun in its glory passes o'er my head,
Yet I don't heed it no more than if dead ;
Its beautiful rays are shed round me so kind,
Yet I don't know it, because I am blind.

I hear my friends merry in business and play,
While in sadness and darkness I grope my way ;
The world may be filled with beautiful sights,
I can not behold them, for with me it is night ;
It furnishes many objects—food for the mind—
How can I grasp them when I am blind ?

THROUGH DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

"THE world grows tranquil" under evening's shade,
When its day's journey is made;
The sun reflects back its feeble light,
As it slowly recedes before the coming night;
Its blush is seen on the cheek of heaven,
As the king of day's farewell kiss is given.
This symbol too of former glory fades
Before the heavy curtains of night's deep shade;
The birds in clusters in tree-tops light,
And softly chirp their sweet good-night.

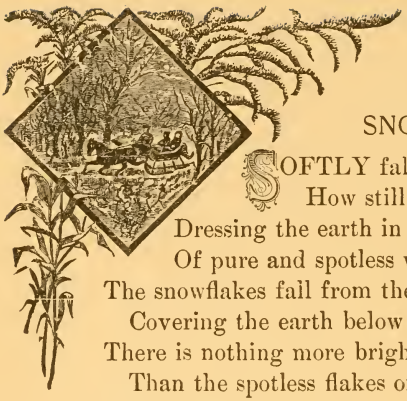
The wild beasts now the forests roam,
While the beasts of the field seek their home;
All nature may now seek quiet repose,
Save man, whose heavy burden onward goes;
Whose labors cease not by night or day,
Through all life's long and dreary way.
To those who thus toil through the night,
Is given to drink life's bitter cup to blight;
Deeds of darkness are felt in pain;
Under shadows the deadly cup is drained,

Unto its dregs in the fatal draught,
Under darkness the deed is wrought;
The downward step is too often made,
Beneath life's dark and gloomy shade;

Setting forever one's final doom,
Preparing him for night's eternal gloom.
Perhaps a solitary star may appear,
The wanderer's desponding heart to cheer;
But ere a returning step is taken aright,
The tempter blurs his bewildered sight.

When tightly around him the coils are drawn,
He heeds not the light of the coming morn;
While he who seeks rightly the proper light,
Passes safely the tempter's night;
To whom the name of heaven is sweet,
Which acts like a lamp to his bewildered feet.
While curtains shade our earthly bliss,
With mortal eyes the way we'd miss;
With vision sealed, yet without a fear,
We must each other's burdens share.

Still pressing forward in the way we should go,
Nor question not why "life is thus and so";
Until night is banished and the light we see,
Opening the portals to eternity;
Streaming back through the mystery of time,
Revealing to you the things that are thine.
Then we shall see that that's unseen,
And no longer wonder what it means;
It will all be revealed in that glorious day,
When night is destroyed by eternal day.



SNOWFLAKES.

SOFTLY falls the beautiful snow,
How still and gentle it lights;
Dressing the earth in a neat, clean garb
Of pure and spotless white.
The snowflakes fall from the heaven's above,
Covering the earth below;
There is nothing more bright and clear,
Than the spotless flakes of snow.
Like crystals they sparkle in the sun,
Like diamonds in the light:
An emblem of nature's purity,
As she dresses herself in white.

Our lives were once as pure and clear
Before they were soiled by crime;
While in the path of safety we staid,
Pure in body and mind.
When once we have strayed from duty's path,
To walk in the ways of sin,
No more do our lives resemble the snow,
O'ershadowed by evil's wings.
The snow as it covers with beauty the earth,
Reminds us of a Ruler above,
Who in snow and rain, dew and showers,
Sends us his messages of love.

Although our lives by sin are stained,
And full of impurity here below,
Jesus has power to make us clean,
By washing us white as snow.
A beautiful robe the righteous wear,
Of pure and spotless white;
A place in his home his children share,
By doing what is right.
Our tattered robes of sin and shame
Will bother us no more;
When Jesus comes his bride to claim,
He'll wash us white as snow.

GOD'S LOVE.

HE watches the world from his throne above,
Although in rebellion, it's a subject of love;
While rebels and traitors, degraded in sin,
Love is his lever, the world to win.
Mercy and goodness his subjects attend,
In all conditions of the children of men.

His goodness to man causes him to repent;
This was his attribute that caused Jesus to be sent
Into this world to battle with sin;
By his loving-kindness victory did win.
Love for his enemy as a model to man,
Formed the basis of Redemption's plan.

God so loved the world in ruin bound,
He ceased not to labor till a Savior is found ;
Who for our sins could fully atone ;
On whose innocent shoulders our iniquities are borne,
By whose blood our sins are forgiven,
In whose name we are made heirs of heaven.

Who once reigned with the Father above,
And became the man of sorrow to reveal God's love ;
Who once held the wealth of the world in his hands,
But became a pauper to elevate man.
Through paths of sorrow the Savior roamed,
In his labor of love to provide a home.

By a wicked mob he was nailed to the tree,
To justify God in setting us free ;
From thence he was taken to a pauper's grave,
To conquer the devil, humanity to save.
Life and immortality shines on the tomb,
Jesus has conquered and scattered its gloom.

Thence he arose, ascended on high,"
To prepare a place, for we too must die ;
Love has seated him at the Father's right hand,
There to intercede for poor fallen man ;
Having encircled the world with a girdle of love,
Preparing his subjects for mansions above.

THE MIST THAT HIDES THE WAY.

THERE'S a mist that hides the future,
From our short and imperfect sight;
Like the dusky clouds of evening,
That shutteth out the light;
Which encumbers us with failures
That are common to all men;
Bringing grief and disappointment,
For we can not see the end.

There's a mist that hangs before us,
In life's dark, dreary way;
Making faith our only compass,
Till that mist is cleared away.
By it we grasp the destiny
That's allotted unto man;
And safely pass all breakers,
Led by a Savior's hand.

There's a mist that hides the glory
That remains in heaven for you,
But the day will come when clouds
Will not hide it from your view;
When time's dark, misty curtain,
That hangs heavy on the plain;
Which death will rend asunder,
And the mystery will be plain.

There's a mist that hangs like darkness
O'er the city of the dead;
Which will give way before Christ's coming,
When the blessed word is said.

For those who sleep in Jesus
In that bright and happy day,
There will be no clouds or darkness,
No mist to hide the way.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

FATHER'S affection for the erring child
May be ever so tender, pleasant and mild ;
Yet a small offense on the part of the boy
Will kill his affection and all love destroy.
A brother's attention to sister or brother
May appear very strong, yet not like a mother.

The least little slight will fret and annoy,
Because it's the love that's found among boys.
Sister's smile and esteem for others
May be stronger than that between brothers ;
Yet this can be killed and entirely erased,
When separated widely from each other's embrace.

The love that exists between lover and lover
Is so different from that among others.
Nothing it appears could ever prevail,
To cause such love as this to fail ;
Yet such love has been brought to an end,
Till they would not meet even as friends.

The love that unites husband and wife,
To lead them along the pathway of life,
Is considered one of the strongest bands

Ever used on the being called man ;
Yet this cord has ofttimes been broke,
By one of envy's jealous strokes.

While others' love can be curtailed,
Mother's love will never fail ;
It follows the disobedient child
Through life's long and weary miles.
It will penetrate through prison walls,
And hug the foot of scaffolds tall.

It will fondly kiss the criminal's tomb
After death has sealed his doom ;
While a mantle of charity covers the grave
Of the one she tried to save.
Death itself can not destroy
Mother's love for her erring boy.

1889.

FAREWELL, old friend, thy race is finished,
Thy battles fought, thy victories won ;
Thy peaceful course thou hast pursued,
Till you sank to rest like the setting sun.
Full of honor, virtue and truth,
Saddened with duties, ripe with age ;

In memory thou in the future will live,
As thy record is seen on history's page.
As true and faithful friends we part,
I thank you kindly for your goodness to me ;
Thy honored calendar we now roll up,
To give place to the new which now we see.

Thy pleasant months, thy sunny days,
Enabled me with pleasure my task to do ;
In finishing them up and laying them away,
For the honor they bring, I am indebted to you.

With temporal blessings thou hast supplied
All my wants in bountiful store,
Till all my needs have been filled ;
An honest heart could ask no more.
While friends like you must go to rest,
While I my journey still pursue ;
In my memory you still will live,
To thy trust may I prove true.

Thy days were filled with busy scenes,
Thy hours were freighted with sorrow and tears ;
Such incidents are common to man,
Brought with each returning year
Go to thy rest, dear friend, we'll labor on,
While here we wait and stay behind;
We drop our pen and heave a sigh,
To bid farewell to eighty-nine.

THE NEW YEAR.

E hail thee, infant year,
And welcome you as a friend;
By thy calendar we'll be ruled,
From thy beginning to thy end.

What you have in store for us
Can't be measured in a day ;
Before your end has come,
Some of us will pass away.

The sorrows you have in store,
Or the blessings you bring man,
Are hidden from our view,
By a kind, providential hand.

In thy beginning we will sow
What in autumn we will reap ;
What the harvest yet may be,
Its results we'll have to keep.

With joy, and not with pain,
May we spend our days together ;
As we reap the fruits you bring,
And possess thy golden treasures.

With thy beginning come our vows
Of what great things we'll do ;
Thou wilt furnish ample time
For us to make them true.

To our purpose if we're false,
The blame will not rest on you ;
You will honor Father Time,
As your journey you pursue.

We with open hearts and hands,
Welcome you, infant year,
With what you have in store,
Our happy hearts to cheer.

THE END.

DEAR reader, you are now done
Reading "Buds and Flowers";
I hope it has enabled you
To spend many pleasant hours.
They have fallen into hands
Who before I never knew;
Now, as both acquaintance and friend,
To each other we'll be true.

My task has been a pleasant one,
In preparing them to send
To those who might wish to read
The product of my pen.
I hope the time's not wasted
That we have spent on them;
And that you will always keep them,
As a message from a friend.

My task, like all things temporal,
Must some time have an end;
This will close my message,
Being all I have to send.
I thank you for the patience
You had to read them through;
And now, with kindest wishes,
I bid you a fond adieu.

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